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EVERY-DAY LIFE IN BIBLE LANDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

WOMAN IN THE EAST.

TATTOOED DRUSE WOMAN.

THE condition of woman in the East is one of marked subordination. This is largely the result of Mohammedanism, which everywhere degrades woman, treats her as an inferior creature and jealously hides her in the harem. The practice of polygamy saps the very foundations of family life, introduces discord and strife, and often makes the home a very hell instead of a heaven on earth.

In widest contrast to this degraded position is the honourable rank of woman among the Jewish and Christian peoples. There she occupies her rightful place as man's equal and his helpmate, although not enjoying the predominance of position she holds in the West as the regent of society, its *decus et tutamen*—its ornament and safeguard. In the times of the patriarchs, and of the Hebrew commonwealth, women occupied positions of honour and renown. Sarah, Rachel, Rebecca, Miriam, Deborah, Hannah, and Huldah, are names that for all time shed lustre on their sex. The account given in Proverbs xxiii. of the virtuous woman is one which exhibits the noblest ideal of womanhood.

It is only, however, under the New Testament dispensation that woman has attained her true place in the home, the Church, and society. Woman was last at the cross, first at the sepulchre, and the first to receive the revelation of the risen Lord. She was present at the first meeting of the disciples after the Ascension. She was among the earliest converts of the apostles' preaching, and was

steadfast under direst persecution. The first trophy of the gospel in Europe was a woman, whose name is handed down for a perpetual memorial.

Upon a woman was pronounced the most splendid enconium that ever passed human lips. Matt. xxvi. 13. Dorcas and Priscilla, Phœbe and Prisca were fellow-helpers, with many others, in the gospel of Christ. Blandina, Perpetua, Felicitas, and many other faithful martyrs sealed

TURKISH LADY WITH VEIL.

their testimony with their blood. Monica and Paula were types of Christian matrons, whose saintly character is the crown and glory of the primitive church. The enthronement of virgin motherhood in art and dogma created an ideal of purity and ruth, during long, dark ages of rapine and of blood, that did much to keep alive the sense of chivalry in the world.

The rise of Mohammedanism with its odious system of polygamy, did much to degrade the status of woman. The traveller in the Orient is struck, especially, with her seclusion and social inferiority. In the cities of Cairo and Damascus, of Smyrna and Constantinople, the women go about swathed in long, white robes, like the shroud of the dead, which completely envelop their frame in a shapeless, balloon-like covering. A very small opening is left through which one or both black eyes may flash, all grace or beauty being effectually concealed. I have seen a girl, ploughing in the field, on my approach hastily draw the veil over her face and remain completely covered until I passed. Sometimes this veil has woven coloured figures which make it perfectly conceal the features from the observer, although very slightly, if at all, obstructing the vision of the wearer.

In Constantinople, however, where Western ideas have come into closer contact with Oriental life and thought than elsewhere, the veil of the woman has grown thinner and thinner, until it has become a filmy gauze which reveals rather than conceals the dimpling smiles and bright eyes of its wearers. The missionaries on Mount Lebanon informed me, that out of regard for the prejudices of the natives, the Christian women wear opaque veils when abroad, and in the churches sit on the opposite side from the men, and separated from them by a high screen.

In the railway trains and steamboats there is often a separate compartment for women, at which the conductor knocks and waits patiently until bidden to enter and collect his fares. On leaving the station or steam-boat landing they scuttle hurriedly away as though they were

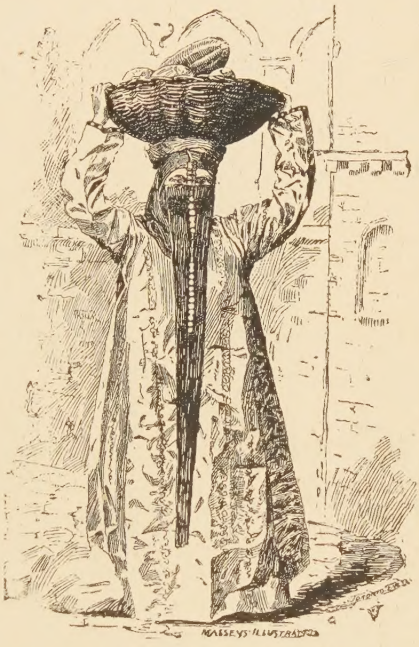
afraid of either receiving or communicating the plague. Over and over again, as with Western curiosity we were inclined to study the out-of-door life or domestic operations of the Arab women, our dragoman would remonstrate : "You must not go there, you must not look at these women, they do not like it." The novelty of seeing a Frank lady unveiled in the bazaar made shopping in Damascus exceeding embarrassing for the only lady in our Canadian party. The natives, after staring her out of countenance from one point of view, would move around to repeat the process from another coign of vantage, until Madame became so indifferent as to heed their attentions no more than she heeded the pigeons that hopped around her feet.

The jealous separation of the sexes destroys all public social life. At a summer picnic, which I witnessed at Baalbec, the women and children sat apart by themselves, and chattered like magpies, while the men smoked their pipes and sipped their coffee in secluded and dignified silence. The chief type of holiday enjoyment for women seems to be to visit on Friday—the Moslem Sabbath — the cemetery, and gossip among the graves beneath the cypresses, or to row on the water, guarded by a coal-black eunuch, looking like so many ghostly figures conducted by grim Charon over the river Styx.

The costume of women of Egypt is peculiarly ungraceful and ungainly. A long, closely-woven veil, of texture like black crape, completely envelops the face all but the forehead, leaving only an aperture for the eyes, as shown in our cut. Between the eyes is affixed a brass tube with transverse ridges which must be exceedingly uncomfortable.

Among the lower fellaheen, or peasant-class, and among the Arabs the women are not veiled, but many of them are instead tattooed on cheek, and chin, and brow, in a manner which most effectively conceals any beauty they may have had.

Among the peasant-class throughout the East the women do much of the labour of both house and field. I have seen them ploughing the stubborn soil, digging with rude mattocks, making and carrying bricks, and preparing animal refuse for fuel. Of the gentler toil of folding and watering the flocks no complaint can be made. One arduous part of woman's never-ending work in the East is carrying



VEILED WOMAN OF CAIRO.

water from the village fountain, or spring, or lake, or river-side, to their homes for daily use. The water-jars are often heavier than I could lift, but these they will poise upon their shoulders and climb the banks of the Nile or steep slopes of the hill country to their often remote and secluded villages.

The congenial occupation of carding, spinning and weaving wool, or, in the more leisured classes, of sewing and embroidery, are still, as from

time immemorial, the appropriate work of women. "She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." Prov. xxxi. 13, 19.

The unending labour of grinding the daily grist of meal is one that is heard in every household. Two circular flat stones, about eighteen inches in diameter, are placed one upon the other on the ground, with a cloth beneath them to catch the meal. At this rude mill two women sit and make the upper stone revolve upon the lower by means of an upright handle near the outer edge, continually pouring the grain in the opening in the centre. To this custom allusion is made in the passage, where, foretelling the suddenness and completeness of the destruction of Jerusalem, our Lord says, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken and the other left." In the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, the desolation of old age is illustrated by the figurative words, "the grinders cease because they be few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low."

"GRINDING AT THE MILL."

So necessary is this daily grinding of the food that a special injunction is uttered in Deut. xxiv. 6, "No man shall take the nether or the upper millstone to pledge, for he taketh a man's life to pledge." The labour of grinding was often relieved by song, hence, among the many threatened desolations following the invasions of Nebuchadnezzar, are these words: "I will take from them the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride, the sound of the millstones, and the light of the candle." Jer. xxv. 10. This work was performed by persons of the humblest condition. Thus in Exodus xi. 5, we find the words: "from the firstborn of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne, even unto the firstborn of the maidservant that is behind the mill."

At the weekly fair held at Hasbeiya, Dr. Thompson saw fifty pairs of these stones, made of porous lava, for sale. It was a piece of such millstone that a certain woman cast upon the head of Abimelech at Thebez, and "all to break his skull." Judges ix. 53.

The Druse women of Lebanon have still the extraordinary habit of wearing a large silver horn on their heads, over which is thrown a veil; surely a more ungainly style of female head-gear was never conceived. To this custom, doubtless, allusion is made in the passage, "In thy favour our horn shall be exalted." Ps. lxxxix. 17.

Among the more leisured classes, light embroidery, in which they are very dexterous, and the endless eating of sweetmeats seem to be the chief employment of the women of the harems; the absence of books and of intelligent conversation is a marked feature.

DRUSE WOMEN WEARING HORNED HEADDRESS.

The Christian and Jewish women are graceful dispensers of hospitality. At Nazareth we were "most courteously entreated" and regaled with exquisite sweetmeats by a native Christian family; and at Damascus, in a Jewish household, which we visited, two bright daughters of the house played the hostess. They were daintily dressed in loose flowing trousers, embroidered jackets and dainty slippers, and walked about on high pattens, richly enlaid with mother-of-pearl, which kept them six inches from the ground. They chatted pleasantly in excellent French; the mother of the house, probably unable to speak any Western language, remained in seclusion, although we saw her as we passed the open door of her room, reclining on her divan and vigorously smoking her hubble-bubble pipe.

The baking and cooking for the household is also an important part of woman's work. We were greatly interested in the dexterous manner with which the Syrian women made their thin, wafer-like bread without rolling-pin or board. They take a layer of soft dough, flatten it with the hand, and spread it out, tossing it in the air until it is a large, thin disc of eighteen inches in diameter. This they deftly spread over a sort of cushion, which is then thrust into the bee-hive-shaped oven, previously heated by live coals, and pressed against the hot surface; to this the disc of dough adheres and in a very short time is thoroughly baked.

The braying of meat or grain, that is, its reduction by continuous pounding to the consistency of paste, is a work demanding much physical energy. The product, however, to the Western palate is not commensurate with the labour bestowed. To this protracted process allusion is made in the passage "though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." Prov. xxvii. 22.

Milking the goats and camels and making the butter is from time immemorial woman's work. The method of doing this is hardly in accord with Canadian notions of dairy cleanliness. The milk is received into a goatskin with the hair side out, and this is suspended from a tripod or pole and swung or shaken to and fro until the milk is curdled into cheese or butter. The butter is a very different thing from the fragrant golden cakes to be seen on our breakfast tables.

The care of children is by a sacred

prerogative the special duty and privilege of woman. The eternal principle of mother-love is strongly manifested by Eastern wives. Among the Arabs the birth of a girl babe is no cause of rejoicing, but of the reverse, and, indeed, is sometimes accompanied by the groans and reproaches of the nearest of kin and the tears of the mother. The babe is "wrapped in swaddling clothes," as was the Divine Child of Bethlehem, and, swathed like a little mummy, is placed in a cradle. Often the skull is distorted quite out of the normal shape by the continual pressure; indeed, "there is hardly one well-shaped skull among the hundred Syrian students at the college at Beyrout," says one of the professors, "they are all flattened on the side during the first year of infancy."

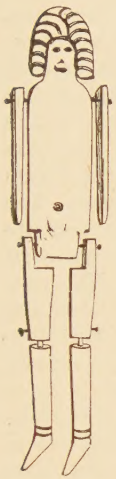
EGYPTIAN WOMAN AND CHILD.

"As soon as he can creep," writes Marion Harland, "the child is tossed upon the bosom of mother earth, and left to 'hustle' for himself among his fellows. When drowsy he crawls into a corner and goes to sleep like a little brown dog; if hungry he eats whatever comes within reach of his dirty hands that commends itself to his judgment as possibly eatable. At night he huddles down in the one garment he has worn all day, close to brothers and sisters, to gain warmth through the sunless hours from their bodies.

"When his mother is in a good humour she strokes and pats him and flings him a fig or morsel of sweet cake; when she is busy she kicks him out of her path; when angry—and this is often with the ignorant, untrained women—she takes a stick to him and swears volubly, cursing the day in which he was born and invoking the vengeance of heaven upon his undutiful soul."

Children's toys in the East can vie neither in number nor ingenuity nor variety with those of the favoured boys and girls of Western lands. Nevertheless there is evidence of the existence in the very cradle-lands of the race, of toys almost identical with those in use in our nurseries to-day. The accompanying cut

shows a jointed doll of ivory, with arms and legs that can be moved by pulling a string or wire like our common jumping-jacks. In the rock-hewn tombs of Egypt similar toys have been found, also miniature horses, dogs and chickens —sometimes with a slit for receiving money — whistles and terra-cotta flageolets. Similar articles have also been found in the catacombs of Rome.



EGYPTIAN JOINTED DOLL.

Mother-love now, as in the days of Hannah, has been employed in the clothing of their children, every fibre of whose garments was enwoven with the heart's richest affection. We saw no more beautiful children than those the mothers of Nazareth, on Easter Sunday, decked out in many-coloured garbs, gay with all the colours of a humming-bird.

In addition to the pleasant pastoral work of feeding, folding and watering the flock, often done by women in the East, they not unfrequently take their full share in the tilling of the soil. I have seen them doing the hard work of ploughing, digging, and gathering the fruits of the earth. The sweet idyl of Ruth gleaning among the corn is over and over again repeated in the field of Boaz at Bethlehem, memorable forever with its Old and New Testament associations. The garnering and winnowing of the grain, as well as its subsequent preparation for food is still part of the never-ending work of women in the East. Woman's rights in the Orient seems to imply more than her full share of the arduous toil, which among most western peoples is borne by the more sturdy frames and robust thews of the sterner sex.

Among the poorer classes facilities for cleanliness are very limited. Water is scarce, and baths in the houses are almost unknown. At more or less frequent intervals, however, the women and children resort to the public baths, which are in the cities numerous and cheap, those for

WOMAN WINNOWING GRAIN.

the women having quiet and secluded entrances. Here they soak and parboil themselves and gossip to their heart's content.

The instinct of the female mind for personal adornment is strongly developed in the women of the Orient. Among the Moslems they are forbidden to exhibit their toilets in public. Women spend much of their time, in private, in tricking out their persons with jewels and filigree. Not satisfied with rings in their ears and noses and on their necks, they bedeck their persons with costly jewels, and wear a profusion of armlets, wristlets and anklets. We have in our possession examples of the latter decked with little tingling bells, whereby the human belle "shall have music wherever she goes." To these Isaiah refers in the passage, iii. 18–23, "In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon. The chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings, the rings and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the vails."

ENTRANCE TO A BATH FOR WOMEN, CAIRO.

The fashionable women in the time of Solomon had their apes and pet peacocks, as fashionable ladies now have their pugs and poodles and cockatoos. Tertullian in the third century reproaches the women of Alexandria for wasting as much wealth on a pet monkey as much as would feed a starving child. He denounces also the practice of employing rouge and cosmetics. "Who can weep for her sons," he says, "when her tears wash bare furrows on her cheek; and how shall that face be lifted to its maker which He cannot recognize as His own workmanship?"

The practice of polygamy, or even of bigamy, is by no means conducive to domestic harmony. Mrs. Bishop records the existence of the most bitter jealousy, rancour and strife, even culminating in ruthless cruelty, poisoning and murder by violence, among inmates of the harem, in order to get rid of some hated rival, or to advance the fortunes of some

favourite child. While storm-stayed one day in the house of a Druse on Mount Lebanon, each of his two wives came to us separately and urged us not to give anything to her rival as she, the one addressing us, was the only true and original wife.

Far different is the picture of ideal beauty of the virtuous woman, as drawn in the days of Solomon, one thousand years before Christ. With this inspired description, which embodies the chief existence of true womanhood throughout all time, we bring our present paper to a close.

"She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. Prov. xxxi. 12–23.

NIGHT.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

Outspreading shadowy wings, and slowly wheeling
Between the tired earth and fading sky,
The darkness, like an angel, comes revealing
Night's holy meaning and its mystery.

While one by one, like sudden thoughts upspringing
From a deep heart, the myriad stars appear;
And from low heights the rising moon is flinging
A strange, dim light on meadow and on mere;

The birds are silent in their leafy bowers,
And blending odours brim the quiet air;
The wind that played all day with leaves and flowers,
Sleeps with them now, and peace is everywhere.

Feet that have trodden pathways hard and dreary,
Tread them no more awhile, at night's behest;
And patient hands, with many tasks work-weary,
Ceasing from toil, are folded into rest.

The pitying peace of kindly night has won us
From all the care and trouble of the day;
The silence lays its tender touch upon us
Like a dear hand, and we have time to pray.

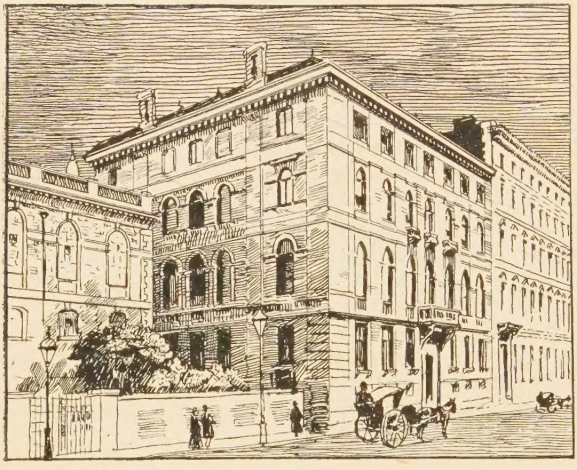
Now mourners come for comfort to the Father,
And tear-wet eyes shall close in slumber sweet;
And now may loyal souls, rejoicing, gather
With sheaves and fruitage at the Master's feet.

We thank Thee for the day, its joy and sorrow,
Its tasks and duties, burdensome or light;
And oh! we thank Thee that before each morrow
There comes the gracious ministry of night!

Victoria, B.C.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

BY W. J. GORDON.



THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE HOUSE, LONDON.

THIS Society was instituted in 1804, with the object of circulating the Word of God throughout the world. Upwards of eleven millions sterling have been spent by it in the work of translating, revising, printing, and circulating the Scriptures, and almost one hundred and thirty-six millions of bibles, testaments and portions have issued from its depôts in over three hundred languages and dialects, many of which have been reduced to writing for the first time. In this work the Society has been aided by every section of Christ's Church, by the leaders and friends of Christian enterprise, by scholars and philologists, especially among missionaries, foreign as well as British.

There is no country in the world which has not felt the interest of this Society. Not only does it possess agents and correspondents, colporteurs and depôts in every part of Europe, but it is working as the handmaid of all the missionary societies among the most distant nations of the earth. Syrians and Persians, Indians and Chinese, Abyssinians and Kafirs, the Islanders of Madagascar, New Zealand and the South Seas, Malays and Eskimos, and many others, can say that through its means they hear in their own tongues the wonderful works of God.

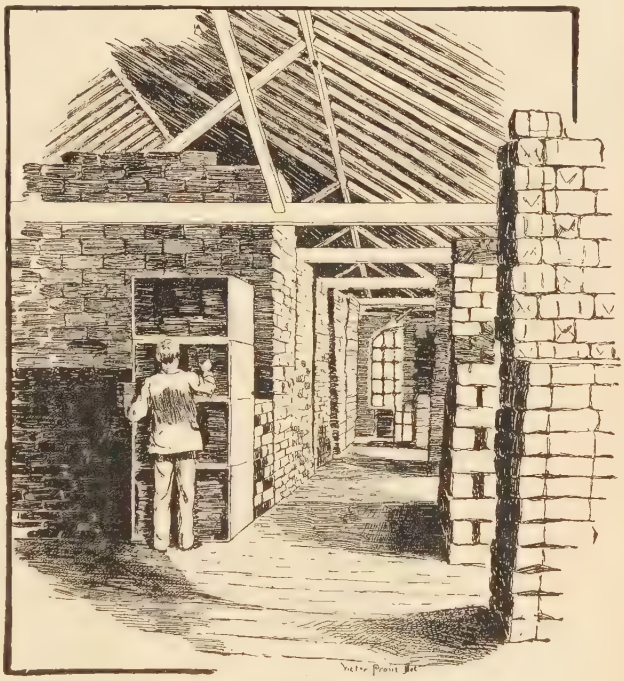
Schools and hospitals, prisons and reformatories, railway stations and hotels, the army and the navy, acknowledge the blessing the Society has conferred upon them. Poverty, trouble, sickness, and even blindness, present a claim to which it never turns a deaf ear. Public and social movements, emigrations, international exhibitions, wars, fires, floods, are regarded as so many occasions for its renewed exertions, and for the introduction of God's Word into fresh channels.

The average issues from the London depôt alone are about six thousand volumes a day, and from the various foreign depôts, taken together, the issues are still greater. Printing-presses are employed by the Society, not only in London, Oxford and Cambridge, but also in Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Berlin, Cologne, Vienna, Rome, Madrid, Lisbon, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Beyrout, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Shanghai, Capetown, Sydney, and other centres of activity.

The Bible House in Queen Victoria Street is one of the noblest buildings in London—an appropriate building, in every way fitted for its work, and suggestive of it. It is not the British and Foreign Bible Society's original

home. In its earliest days the Society used to meet at Seeley's in Fleet Street, but this state of things lasted only for two years, when a move was made to Earl Street, where the Society remained for half a century, until it moved into its present home in 1870.

The work done in this solid, handsome building is enormous. In a year the Society issues nearly four million copies of the Bible, or portions thereof; and these are in 320 different languages. The bulk go to the churches and missionary societies, of which the Bible Society is avowedly the handmaid, but a very large number are supplied direct to the people; and to distribute these about a thousand men and women are constantly busy in almost every country of importance.



IN THE BIBLE SOCIETY WAREHOUSE.

Go where you will, in the east or the west, you will find the colporteur or bible-woman at work telling the people in the language of the people the story of the wondrous book. The women—there are over four hundred of them—are most of them in the East; there are nearly three hundred in India, some seventy are in Ceylon, there are fourteen in Syria and Palestine, sixteen in Egypt, eight in China, and four in Mauritius and the Seychelles. The men are chiefly in Europe. A patient work is theirs. "A colporteur," it has been well said, "is everywhere a man of the people among whom he labours—a Frenchman in France, a Slav in Russia, a Hindu in Hindustan; he is able to understand his countrymen, and the idiom which expresses the feelings of the heart. Often of high intelligence, he possesses not a few popular gifts, and even when of the homeliest cast of mind there are some gifts with which he cannot dispense. He must be of infinite patience. He requires the full indwelling of that charity which hopes and endures everything. He needs a quick heart with natural sympathy, and, being often himself a householder, the gentle bonds by which wife and children draw him homewards, lead him also to enter into the sorrows of many a family he visits, and compel him to drop tear for tear."

The success these men meet with is astonishing. In France, for instance, last year, the colporteurs sold over 60,000 copies, while the distribution through the churches and other agencies amounted to 173,000 more; in Belgium over 9,000 copies were sold by colportage, and another 9,000 through the churches; in Spain the

colporteurs sold 30,000 copies out of a total of some 65,000; in Italy—and this is remarkable—the total distribution reached 200,000, of which the colporteurs accounted for nearly 90,000. In Germany, last year, over 612,000 copies were sold, but most of these were distributed by local agencies, for in Germany, as in Sweden, and Norway, and Holland, and Denmark, and Switzerland, societies have been founded to carry on the work initiated by the British and Foreign. From Sweden and Holland the London house has withdrawn entirely, from Norway it has almost retired, Switzerland also has been left to itself, and in Germany the Society's work is practically limited to the Roman Catholic districts.

In Germany the colporteurs distributed over 60,000 copies last year; in Austria-Hungary they distributed nearly 90,000 out of 156,000. Even in Turkey and Greece the Bible Society distributed over 40,000 copies, of which half were sold by colporteurs. This distribution is not without its influence. "In Bulgaria and in other lands of the East," says Doctor Thomson, "the circulation of the vernacular Scriptures is producing at present changes which may almost be compared with the Reformation in England and Scotland and other countries of Western Europe."

In the Russian Empire, European and Asiatic, which, judging from recent events, one would at first be inclined to look upon as almost hopeless ground for such work, it is most significant to find that during last year more than half a million copies were distributed, of which the colporteurs disposed of over 190,000. The Chinese is another empire yielding surprising results, for here a quarter of a million copies are sold in a year, of which the colporteurs distribute over 183,000. In the Islands of Malaysia, the colporteurs distribute 32,000 copies out of a total of 36,000. In Japan the colporteurs dispose of about 5,000 copies annually; in India they distribute about 200,000; in North Africa, about 16,000; and about the same quantity is sold by them in Brazil and Argentina. Altogether the Bible Society's colporteurs dispose of over a million copies of the Scriptures during the twelve months. In the Islands of Polynesia and in South and Central Africa, the distribution is entirely in the hands of the missionaries, and it is one of the most noteworthy facts in missionary story that to Uganda alone, last year, some 66,000 bibles were despatched.

People talk of a successful book that sells so many editions of perhaps a thousand each. What do they say to a book which has been selling for nearly three hundred years and is now issuing at the rate of four million copies a year from one centre alone? for, of course, the Bible House is not the only distributing agency, the shops of the booksellers procuring their supplies from the University presses, the Bagsters', and other houses.

How many these other sources issue is nowhere stated, but the Bible House, since its establishment ninety years ago, has actually spread a hundred and forty million copies broadcast over the world, and kindred societies have issued eighty-five millions more. And in all cases it has been the book alone, without note, or comment, or explanation, except such as is inevitable in the paraphrases, unavoidable in the translations—the translations that are always in progress, for, on an average, seventy of them or their revisions are printed every year, so that the supply shall never fail.

There is considerable interest in the way in which these translations are made. They are nearly all produced by the missionaries whose good faith is vouched for by the society to which they belong, and whose work is subject to revision at

each edition, the first edition being of five hundred copies only, so as not to remain too long in print. Few realize what a long job translation is, and how difficult it is to exactly express a thought in a way that cannot be misunderstood.

The translator almost invariably works amid the people for whom the rendering is intended, toiling steadily for months in some distant land, endeavouring to give the familiar English in the local tongue, which often has no characters or symbols and has never been written before. Then it is that he has practically to make the language, using ordinary type, and spelling phonetically, giving the vowels their full or continental sound. Often there are peculiar intonations that are so difficult to render that special signs have to be used as Robert Moffat did with the Kaffir clicks, which signs are frequently simplified in later editions.

In reducing a language to writing for the first time a missionary can often do good work in harmonizing dialects. There is Faté for instance, an island of the New Hebrides, where the inhabitants of the north of the island were almost unable to understand the inhabitants of the southern half owing to a difference in the dialect. Here two versions would have been necessary had not the translator hit upon the happy idea of forming a third dialect by a system of give and take, which would be intelligible to all parties, the result being that the "combined dialect" of Faté in which the New Testament was rendered has now become the speech of the whole island.

Communication with these distant islands is not easy. In some parts of the world the mail takes twelve months. During the last year some of the gospels have been translated into Neshga, which is the language of one of the Indian tribes in the interior of British Columbia, and the manuscript was a year on the road on the dog-sledge mail, as were the proofs outwards and on the return, so that four years were spent in producing the book after it was written.

ZENANA BIBLE READING.

The first translation the Society undertook was one of St. Luke and St. John into Mohawk in 1804. Nowadays there are translations into Micmac for the Nova Scotian Indians, into Maliseet for the Indians of New Brunswick, into Iroquois for the Indians of Lower Canada, into Cree for the Indians of Manitoba, into Slavé for the Indians on the Mackenzie, into Beaver for the Indians on the Peace, into Ojibwa and Blackfoot and Chipewyan; into Tukudh for the Loucheux Indians on the Yukon, into Kwagutl for the Vancouver Island Indians, into Hydah for the people of Queen Charlotte Islands, and into Greendlandish and Eskimo.

The Bible, in whole or part, has been translated into a dozen languages of Malaysia, including Pangasinan, spoken by the natives of Luzon; for China and Japan there are no less than twenty-three languages, including that of the Hairy Ainu; for Indo-China there are a dozen; for India there are over fifty; for the Russian Empire there are thirty, and for Europe without Russia there are sixty or more, almost as many as there are for Africa. In fact the number of languages into which the Scriptures have been rendered is far greater than most people imagine to exist. Of course the whole Bible is not attempted at once, the translation is a gradual growth; first a gospel is taken, then all the gospels, then the New Testament is completed, and the Old Testament is entered upon afterwards, the first book attacked being as a general rule the Psalms.

In reducing the language to writing for the first time and using Roman letters the translator has matters much his own way; but in the case of a language with an ancient character or symbol he has not so free a hand. In such special characters nearly one hundred and forty languages have been printed; and curiously elaborate some of them are. Some of these strange characters make handsome pages;

for decorative effect for instance it would be difficult to beat Tibetan, or Hindi, or Lepcha, or Marathi, or the neat Macassar.

Some of the translations have run into large numbers. Nearly four hundred thousand copies have been issued in Arabic, over a million and a half have come forth in Bengali, over three-quarters of a million in Czech, over five millions in Chinese, over a million in Danish, over two millions in Dutch, over twelve millions in French, some seventeen millions in German, about a million and a quarter in Hebrew, over a million in Magyar, nearly three and a half millions in Italian, over three hundred thousand in Lettish, over five hundred and sixty thousand in Malagasi, over six hundred and sixteen thousand in Malayalam, six hundred thousand in Marathi, over five millions in Russ—in the South Russian agency there are no less than forty distinct languages—over two and a half millions in Spanish and nearly three and a half in Swedish, nearly three millions in Tamil and over a million in Telugu. The smallest issues up to the present have been the two hundred and fifty in Berber for use in Tunis and Algeria, the two hundred and sixty-two in Balolo, the three hundred in Bogos for Northern Abyssinia, and the three hundred in Saibai for the islanders in Torres Straits. Some forty-six thousand in embossed type, Moon at first and now chiefly Braille, have been distributed in seven languages, for the blind, the printing being done at the top of the Bible House, and being the only printing undertaken on the premises.

Sometimes, as in the case of Japanese, the printing is done in the country for which the version is intended; but as a rule it is entrusted to the two or three English printers that undertake Oriental and other foreign work, the English versions being of course supplied by the Universities to whom the copyright of the Bible belongs. The half-penny gospels, penny testaments and sixpenny bibles are all printed and bound complete at the Clarendon Press at Oxford, and a most interesting experience it is to follow a Bible through its several stages, from the casting of the type onwards; the setting, the making-up, the taking of the electros (including the pressing of the type into the black-leaded wax, the pickling in the cell sixteen hours, the scattering of the tin shot on the thin copper skin, the floating in the metal to get the needful thickness of backing) and then the careful working on the ordinary Wharfdale machines, the cheaper issues being printed on a big perfecting machine doing both sides at once.

No English Bible is now printed from the movable type; and only a few of the very large ones are printed from stereo. For most of the foreign translations also type is cast and set, and electros taken from it to print from, but some that run only to small numbers are printed direct from type, and a few are processed from manuscript. For the translations already mentioned, the first few editions are of about five hundred each, but the established editions run to thousands. The Universities print the Bible by the fifty thousand or more at a time, all except the first eight pages, which are worked separately with the imprints of the firms who buy the work in sheets, and bind it as they please. Of the English Bible printed in this way, the Society has issued some sixty million copies.

In all cases the numbers refer to completely bound books, for nothing goes out of the Bible House in sheets. Not only is there no note or comment, but everything is done to prevent notes and comments or other printed matter being bound up with the version as issued. Every day some six thousand bibles or parts of bibles, are despatched, so that bind-

ing alone is a large item, and every day when the bound books come in the binder takes away further "quire stock" to bind. The binding is not a simple matter, it has to be made to suit the climate and conditions. A binding that would do well in this country would be useless in the tropics. Heat, moisture, insects, all have to be provided against. For China, for instance, every book must be bound in something smooth; one of the local pests being a little insect with sharp nippers which will work its way into any rough cloth and destroy it in a few hours.

BIBLE COLPORTEUR IN CHINA.

There are not many bindings in the library that would last long under the equator, substantial and good as many of them are, for the library contains perhaps the finest series of bibles in the kingdom since it was enriched by the addition of the Fry collection in 1890. Even the eight-inches-thick Dutch bible here, which weighs forty pounds, and is bound in half-inch oak, would soon succumb. This is the largest book in the library; the smallest is a book of devotions in French and Latin which weighs but a quarter of an ounce. Among the curiosities is a plan of binding a testament and a prayer-book together in a way that one wonders has not been more generally adopted in the case of prayer-books and hymns. Three boards are used instead of two, the middle board coming between the books, which open in opposite ways as if on a screen, the complete book having two backs, each back starting from the middle board. Among other very interesting specimens are William Addy's bible in shorthand, issued in 1687, and the little Thumb Bible, and the Bible in Miniature.

Here is Mary Jones' bible, the very book which served as the seed from which this great organization sprang. Who does not know the story of that earnest Welsh girl, the weaver's daughter, who carefully saved her pence and farthings in order that she might have a bible of her very own, and who does not remember how she walked the five-and-twenty miles to Bala to get the book she longed for, and sat down and cried when Mr. Charles told her that all his copies were sold? The girl's tears, however, were not without effect; the good minister managed to get her a bible, and at his next visit to London told her story at the Religious Tract Society's house in Paternoster Row, when it was suggested by Mr. Joseph Hughes, a member of the committee, that a society might be formed for the wider and cheaper distribution of

the Scriptures, not only in Wales, but all over the world. For the gratification of the curious here is the first resolution extracted from the minute book of February 1st, 1803:

"Mr. Charles, of Bala, having introduced the subject, which had been previously mentioned by Mr. Tarn, of dispersing Bibles in Wales, the committee resolved that it would be highly desirable to stir up the public mind to the dispersion of bibles generally, and that a paper in a magazine to this effect may be singularly useful. The object was deemed sufficiently connected with the object of the Society thus generally to appear on these minutes; and the secretary, who suggested it, was accordingly desired to enter it."

Such is the first record of the starting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which may in a sense be said to have sprung from Mary Jones' bible.

Here is another bible with a story, a Malagasy one, which was buried during the persecution of 1835–53, the owner having fled with it to a cave to which his wife brought him food, the sentry not daring to enter owing to the fear of small-pox which was said to be lurking within it. For months did this man stay in the cave, learning the book almost by heart, and becoming quite a concordance as to chapter and verse; and then he buried it and escaped, to recover it again after eighteen years. Close to it is a St. Matthew which a Loyalty Islander was reading at the door of his hut, when one of his countrymen cut off his head with a hatchet, and shore away a corner of the book, leaving the blood from the hatchet on the page. And here is another interesting item, the Indian Bible translated in 1685, by John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians. The book has lasted longer than the people for whom it was made: the tribes to which Eliot preached have vanished, and their language is extinct.

Greater than all these external facts is the spiritual movement they represent and embody, which in its manifold influences no man can measure.—*The Sunday at Home.*

Note.—The annual report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, shows total receipts of $1,166,815, about $460 less than the year preceding. Of this sum $699,050 was contributions, the sales realizing $467,760. The home issues were 1,651,566, the foreign issues 2,185,656, making a total of 3,837,222. One special point of interest is the increase of 28,264 copies in whole Bibles. The total issues from the commencement amount to nearly 144,000,000.

ONWARD.

BY MARIAN NORMA BROCK.

Happy this life!
Though tears will come,
Days end in gloom—
Earth has its strife.
Faint heart, beat strong!
Life lasts forever,
Good is its Giver,
Right conquers wrong.

March on in peace—
Storm-clouds forgot,
Thorns heeded not,
All ills will cease.
Spirits will soar!
Here we may stumble:
Bodies will crumble—
Vex us no more.

What lies above?
What strive we for,
Waging this war?
Beauty and love,
Freedom and rest!
Sunbright and gladness,
No more earth's sadness,
Forever blest.

Toronto.

FORTY YEARS AMONG THE ESKIMO.

BY THE REV. CHARLES H. PAISLEY, M.A.

MAP OF MOOSONEE—SCALE, 400 MILES TO THE INCH.

AROUND the southern part of Hudson Bay, where that inland sea takes the name of James' Bay, lies a region of country now known as Moosonee, roughly about 800 by 1,200 miles in extent. The soil, which, in most places, is covered by thick forest, is mossy and sterile. This region, which lies partly in each of the three provinces of Keewatin, Ontario and Quebec, is a portion of that vast area which in the year 1670 was given by Charles II. of England to the "governor and company of adventurers of England trading to Hudson Bay"—a company consisting of nine or ten merchants who retained the monopoly of the fur trade of the country until 1870, when, together with the rest of the British possessions of the northern portion of the

continent, it became a part of the Dominion of Canada. Its population, made up of Eskimos, half-breeds, and Indians, principally of the Cree, Ojibway, and Chippewyan or Finné tribes, together with a few Europeans in connection with the Hudson Bay fur-trading posts, now numbers about ten thousand.

The Company's post on the Moose River, from which the country itself takes its name, is almost the only settlement in the whole region, for the Eskimos and Indians, living entirely by the chase and fishing, do not form permanent settlements; but move from place to place as game and fish are to be found. In the winter-time the sole residents even of Moose — the Company's post —are the missionary and his family, some officers of the post with their servants, and a few sick and aged Indians.

This desolate region forms the scene of those heroic missionary labours which Bishop Horden carried on during forty-two years in behalf of the Church of England Missionary Society. In this same field the Rev. James Evans, brother of Rev. Dr. Ephraim Evans, well known to many of the older Methodists of Canada, and the Rev. George Barnley and other devoted missionaries of the Methodist Church had for some time laboured under the auspices of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in England. But for some reason the Society withdrew from the field about 1850, and immediately afterward the Church of England Missionary Society sent John Horden as a lay missionary to teach the people and to instruct them in the doctrines of Christianity. On three weeks' notice he sailed from England with his newly-married wife, and after a tedious voyage, in which they encountered many hardships, they landed at Moose Fort — the most southern point on James' Bay — where they were welcomed by the officers of the Hudson Bay Company's post, the Indians and Eskimos.

With the least possible delay Mr. Horden set about his work, commencing almost immediately the study of the language, which seems to have been peculiarly involved and difficult, with many striking peculiarities. Being devoid of the infinitive mood, and having the verb and personal pronoun inseparable, as well as two different forms for the first person plural; according as one wished to say "I and you" or "I and he," it was very puzzling. By indefatigable perseverance, however, he was able to master it so that in twelve months he could preach without the aid of an interpreter, although sometimes he made ridiculous mistakes, as when, on one occasion, he was describing the creation of Eve, instead of saying God made Eve out of Adam's rib *(ospikakun),* he said *ospwakun,* which meant one of Adam's pipes—a rather laughable mistake.

At the end of twelve months Mr. Horden was ordained to the work of the ministry by Bishop Anderson of Rupert's Land, of which diocese Moosonee formed a part. Of the long and difficult journey from Red River (where the bishop lived) to Moose, we may form an idea from the fact that it took him six weeks to accomplish it by canoe and on foot. Having now been duly appointed to the full work of the ministry, Mr. Horden visited all parts of his field preaching, baptizing and administering the Lord's supper to the people scattered through the vast region he called his parish. In his journeys he visited Albany, which lay one hundred miles to the north of Moose, and where, in winter, there were eighty families of Indians and Eskimos; Hannah Bay, fifty miles to the east, where fifty families made their home in winter; Rupert House, one hundred miles to northeast, with sixty families; Kevoogoonisse, 430 miles to the south, with

thirty families; Martin's Falls, 400 miles to the north; Osnaburg, 600 miles to the north-west; Flying Post, 530 miles to south, and New Brunswick, 630 miles to the south-east,—the whole making a field sufficiently large to tax all the energies of the strongest man.

To visit all portions of this vast region even once during the course of the year was a great undertaking, as the only way of travelling was on foot and by canoe in summer, and on snowshoes or by dog-train in winter. The journey which had to be taken in the course of the round of these places, lay through trackless wastes intersected by rivers, many of which were well-nigh unnavigable even for canoes by reason of rapids and cataracts, and through forests rendered almost impassable by reason of myriads of fallen trees blown down by storms or felled by lightning stroke. Sometimes for several hundreds of miles not an inhabitant would be encountered, and on some parts of the route not a human dwelling was to be seen for several weeks together. Sometimes, also, great dangers were encountered in ascending the rapids on some of the larger rivers, when seven or eight stout Indians paddling the missionary's canoe and endeavouring to make headway against the current would find their frail bark irresistibly driven back, and only the greatest skill on their part in reversing their paddles so as to make the bow the stern for the moment, would save them from destruction. In such cases a second attempt would only be a useless risk of death, so nothing remained but to portage or carry the canoe and its load of provisions, utensils and other things necessary for such a prolonged journey around the rapids and re-shipping them on the upper side to pursue their way.

Sometimes it proved just as dangerous to descend the rapids; for the canoe, shooting through the foaming waters, would be torn on some hidden rock, and could be saved from sinking only by being forced to the shore at all hazards. Having reached the shore, however, there would be a delay of an hour or two only, for the Indians, with bark stripped from the birch tree and fibres from the roots of some plant for thread, to patch the rent and to make it water-tight with pitch, always carried to meet such emergencies.

When the journey to some of these stations had to be taken in winter, which usually began toward the end of September and was prolonged to May, the dangers were still greater. The piercing cold, which often for days together was down to 35° below zero, the dreadful snowstorms and driving blizzards, and the great depth of snow constituted dangers that threatened the life of the traveller. On one occasion when Mr. Horden was going to Hannah Bay, which was about fifty miles only, to the east of Moose, he had a very narrow escape for his life. He set out with a dog-train in the very early spring, and in order to avoid snow-blindness, which frequently results to the traveller in those northern climes from the glare of the sun upon the snow, he travelled by night and rested during a portion of the day. Taking a short cut on the ice across one of the inlets of the bay, he reached by the next morning a spot where a few Indians and Eskimos were encamped. Resting there that day, he resolved to cross the next inlet during the following night; but in the evening the weather seemed to promise rain, so he did not set out at the usual hour. Towards morning, however, the weather turned cold again, and he started on his journey; but when he had made about ten miles, he discovered that the tide was coming in and was breaking up the ice in all directions. Not a moment was to be lost or escape would be im-

possible. So turning his dogs, and with his Indian guide running at their side, he urged them back over the tracks they had just made, and by almost superhuman efforts reached the land in time. A few minutes more and he would have been caught amidst the breaking ice and been hopelessly battling among the broken masses that for many miles were tossing upon the waves.

While the dangers of the journeys and the hardships of a life among circumstances of such an inhospitable nature taxed the energies of the missionary, and sometimes, perhaps, tested very severely his faith, there were many things to compensate him. The Eskimos were very docile, being, as Mr. Horden says, "the most teachable of men"; while the Indians, though somewhat fickle, were as a rule very receptive and gladly listened to his instructions. Many both of the Indians and Eskimos had formerly come under the influence of Methodist missionaries or under that of the Moravians and were able to read; but the most of them were still not only very ignorant, but also extremely superstitious. Of the simple and childish character of their beliefs we may form some idea from their opinions as to the origin of the sun and moon. "Long ago," say they, "not long after the creation of the world, a mighty Eskimo lived to whom nothing was impossible, and being a great conjuror, no other profession was able to stand before him. At length this world became too small for him, so taking with him his sister and a small fire, he raised himself up to the heavens. Heaping on the fire immense quantities of fuel, he formed the sun, which has been burning ever since. For a time he and his sister lived together in harmony; but after a while he began to ill-treat her, and his conduct toward her became so violent that he burned her face, which was of great beauty. On this she fled from him and formed the moon. Ever since, her brother, the sun, has been in pursuit of her; but although some times he gets near her he will never catch her. When it is new moon the burnt side of her face is toward us, and when the full moon appears that is the other side of her face."

The Indians were not so teachable as the Eskimos and were much more ignorant and superstitious: but they were still further depraved by the cruel customs that had from time immemorial prevailed among them. Until they became Christianized, they never allowed themselves to be burdened very long with their sick, or with the aged and infirm. So soon as any serious sickness seized any one of them the friends held a consultation, and, if it was thought in the interest of all that the sick should be put to death, it was not long before the decision was put into effect. Or, if age or infirmity prevented one of them from bearing his proper share of the burdens of the family or immediate community, he was either left to starve or, by some more speedy death, put out of the way. We are not surprised, therefore, that Mr. Horden says that he knew of no place of which it was more literally true "that the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty," than it was when he first entered the work in the region in which he laboured.

Even after the missionary had succeeded in mitigating the evils of cruelty, superstition and ignorance among the people they still suffered, sometimes in the most pitiable manner, from sickness and even from hunger which, in many cases, issued in starvation. As the winters were extremely cold and the abodes of the people of a very rude and primitive kind, that constituted even at the best a poor protection against wet or cold or storm, both Indian and Eskimo were very liable to diphtheria, consumption, and all

varieties of chest diseases. At one time at one of the stations whooping-cough broke out, and before it could be checked no less than forty-four persons were carried off. Under these circumstances Mr. Horden was compelled to combine with his ministerial labours the duties of physician, which in his case included very often the no less arduous tasks of the nurse.

To the sufferings brought by sickness and disease were frequently added the horrors of starvation. As the people depended very largely for their supply of food on rabbits and wild geese, as staple articles, whenever these failed in consequence of forest fires, diseases, or unfavourable climatic conditions, starvation was pretty certain to ensue. The first winter Mr. Horden was in the country, he says that about one-quarter of the people in one region died of starvation, or were killed and eaten to save the rest from perishing.

No wonder, therefore, when the missionary found himself in the presence of such great and urgent needs that he laboured with ceaseless energy at his chosen work. He recognized, however, that in order to extend the influences of his labours most widely and to make them permanent, he must provide the people with books—the Scriptures especially. Accordingly, after he had mastered the language so as to use it with some degree of fluency, he set about that task, although it was no easy matter on account of the difficulties that are common to all such undertakings, as well as on account of special difficulties arising from the different dialects spoken in different parts of the field. Yet he did not hesitate to confront the task.

His way had, however, been cleared in considerable measure by the invention of the Cree syllabic character by the Rev. James Evans, the Methodist missionary to whom we have already referred as one of those who, under the direction of the English Wesleyan Missionary Society, had toiled in this very same field. When Mr. Evans had found himself confronted with the necessity of providing those whom he had been instrumental in leading to Christ with the Scriptures, the hymn-book, and other books of a simple character, he had first of all to reduce the rude language of the people to a written form,—to invent

ᑲᑎᐯᐣᐠᑫᐟ ᐅᑕᓗᒥᐦᐊᐤᐃᐣ

ᓄᑕᓀᐣ ᑭᐠᑭᑭᐟᑯˣ ᐁᐊᓵᓂᐣ,
ᑭᑕᑭᑘᐣᑕᒃᐣ ᑭᐃᐦᐅᐃᐣ;

ᑭᐣᑐᓀᐃᐣ ᑭᑕᐃᐣᐅᑭᐠᑦᐸᐤ;
ᐁᐃᑘᐣᐠᑕᒪ ᑕᐃᐣᐃᑭᐣ ᐅᑕ ᐊᑎᑰˣ
ᑲᐃᐟ ᐃᐠᑭˣ ᑭᐟᑯˣ.

ᒥᐣᓀᐣ ᐊᓄᐠᑲ ᑲᑭᐟᑲᑦ ᑲᐟᑎᑭᐣ
ᑕᒧᐃᐣᐧᐧᓀᓇ, ᕿ ᐃᐟ ᐁᑲ ᐱᐟᑎᕿ
ᐣᑕᒪ ᑲᒪᑭᐣᑕᐊᐣᐠᐦ;

ᒪᒥᓴᐧᐧᓂᓀᐣ ᑭᑭᐁᑲᒪᑭᐣᑕᒪˣ;
ᐸᑎᑎᐠᐊᒫᐃᐣᓀᐣ ᑲᒫᓵᑕˣ:

ᑭᐦ ᑭᐣᑘᓇᐃᐣᐃᐣ, ᒥᓇ
ᓄᐠᑲᑎᐟᐃᐣ, ᒥᓇ ᑭᐠᐞᓂᐣᐃᐣ,
ᑲᑭᕿ, ᒥᓇ ᑲᑭᕿ· ᐁᑐᐣ.

LORD'S PRAYER IN CREE.

an alphabet, and to compile, at least in simple form, a grammar. With marvellous ability for such work, he undertook the task and invented an alphabet consisting, not of letters, but of characters each one of which represented a syllable, with some subordinate characters representing accents or breathings. So simple is the system that in the course of a few hours an intelligent person can learn to read with tolerable fluency. Mr. Evans

made his first type with little pieces of lead which he cast out of the thin sheets of tea-lead lining the tea-chests of the Hudson Bay Company's store; and his first ink was made of the soot from the Indians' fires in their wigwams. Although he afterwards secured a supply of type, ink and paper from the missionary society under which he laboured, yet with these rough means he really laid the foundations upon which others have been able to build up a literature for vast numbers of the native populations of the northern parts of the Dominion. When Lord Dufferin first learned of the wonderful work of Mr. Evans in the invention of the Cree syllabic character, he declared that there were many men who for far less important work had been given monuments in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Horden made a translation of "Pilgrim's Progress"; and if our reader would like to know by what name "Mr. Worldly Wise Man" is known in Cree, it is *"Uskewekutatawaletumowililew,"* while "Evangelist" is *"Miloachemowililew,"* and "Little Faith" is *"Tapwayaletumowineshish."* With so much of the work already done to his hand, Mr. Horden was able to accomplish, in a comparatively short time, what would otherwise have been a sufficient task for many years of his active life.

Great was the joy of the people when Bishop Horden first placed in their hands copies of the gospels in unbound sheets, for as yet he had not acquired sufficient skill to bind them; but, unbound as they were, they were carried by the Indians and Eskimo, in their journeying, between sheets of birch bark, and every evening were read around the campfire. By the year 1891, almost the whole Bible was in the hands of the people; and under its influence, accompanied by faithful administration in preaching and teaching in the Sunday and day schools, the life of the people was wonderfully transformed.

The protracted labours and hardships endured by Bishop Horden in Moosonee for about forty-three years, at length warned him that the end of his missionary career was drawing nigh. It was, therefore, a great comfort to him when, in August, 1891, he was reinforced by the arrival of Rev. J. A. Newnham—now (1895) bishop of the same diocese. In the end of 1892, however, Bishop Horden was taken suddenly ill, and in the following January passed peacefully away at the age of sixty-five. Much of his work had been that of the pioneer; but much of it also had been permanent; and among the men who have built their lives into the religious life of this Dominion, few have filled a more important place than Bishop Horden.

Halifax, N.S.

RETROSPECTION.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

When we have passed dread Jordan's tide,
And gladsome gained the further shore,
We shall glance back across the wave
To view our heavenward journey o'er.

And as we note, with sight grown clear,
How hidden snares before us lay,
Just where God's guidance turned our steps
From what had been our chosen way;

And how the path He pointed out,
Whence we, dismayed, had shrunk aside,
Was the one path alone, that led
Straight to the joy we deemed denied,—

How shall our thankful hearts leap up,
With gratitude no words can tell,
To praise His wisdom and His love
Who, only, ordereth all things well!

Toronto.

HYPNOTISM.*

BY F. TRACY, B.A., PH.D.

THE progress of human knowledge does not present itself to the historical student as a continuous, uninterrupted advance, but rather as a zigzag line, in which the movement proceeds from side to side and back again. Only when we look at the whole, or at some large section, do we appreciate the progress that has been made. And this, which is true of knowledge in general, seems equally true of each of the sciences in particular. Each has been marked by a gradual advance through countless blunders, and the successive adoption and abandonment of crude hypotheses, each only less inadequate than its predecessor. The mistakes of science have truly served as the stepping stones upon which it raised itself to higher things.

In philosophy this fact has been very noticeable. Errors of Empiricism, of Dogmatism, of Realism, have roused the philosophical world time and again to a more careful consideration of the fundamental principles upon which all further progress was conditioned, while the extravagances of extreme Idealism have themselves suggested a more excellent way.

The subject of Hypnotism—which is now recognized as a valuable chapter of psychology—has had a checkered career. Heralded by quacks and mountebanks, its phenomena attributed to the agency of mysterious "fluids," or to that of the stars or planets; at one time proscribed and its exponents banished, at another hailed as a panacea for all human ills, "no other science, since the dawn of creation, has suffered so much at the hands of ignorance and superstition."

Through all this, however, there has come about a gradual clearing up of obscurities and errors, and the elimination of incongruities and incompatible hypotheses. One thing now seems established, viz.: that though this whole subject has been surrounded by a great haze of mystery—which its charlatan advocates have sought to deepen for their own selfish purposes—though in the very nature of the case affording endless scope for fraud and deception, yet there lies hidden here a genuine grain of truth, which through the labours of disinterested scientists, is gradually emerging into the light of day. What that grain of truth is, and in what direction we are to look for its further unfolding, may be indicated best, perhaps, by a brief historical sketch.

Every science has to do with certain *facts*, which constitute its raw material, which it seeks to classify and describe, whose laws it seeks to formulate, and whose causes it endeavours to discover. The one fact which forms the starting point and datum of Hypnotism may be stated provisionally and vaguely thus: *It is possible to control mental and physical states and processes by other than the ordinary means.* This is the fact, stated in the broadest way, and with a minimum of detail. Any further explanation at present would anticipate the results of investigations of which we are to give an account. We shall now proceed historically and show how that statement requires to be modified in conformity with the results of successive investigations.

The fact itself has been recognized in almost every age and country of the world. It doubtless accounts, at least in part, for the wonderful things

* The substance of a paper read before the Century Club, Toronto, by Dr. Tracy, Lecturer in Psychology in Toronto University.

related of the soothsayers and magi of ancient times. The fakirs of India were able, beyond all question, to induce in themselves and others, mental and physical states by other than the ordinary means; while the Nirvana of the Buddhists and the ecstasy of the Neo-Platonists were alike supposed to be attained by a gradual cancellation, in succession, of all the feelings of sense, all the impulses of the will, and all the ideas in consciousness; so that by freeing the mind from all occupation with the ordinary objects of knowledge, it might become completely absorbed in the contemplation of the Absolute. This, no doubt, was the result of auto-suggestion.

In modern times many attempts have been made to bring these and kindred phenomena under one general conception, and to posit a general law by which they might all be explained. The first general hypothesis of this character was made by a Scotchman named Maxwell about the beginning of the seventeenth century. He accounted for the phenomena by the postulate of a vital spirit or fluid, pervading the whole universe, by whose agency bodies are related to one another and are able to act upon one another. This was afterwards called the "universal fluid."

The most famous name, however, in this connection is that of Mesmer, a physician of Vienna, who died in 1815. Early in life he became interested in astrology, and was led to believe that the stars exercised an influence upon the health of human beings. His dissertation for the doctor's degree was entitled "De Influxa Planetarum." The stars were able to exercise this influence, he thought, by means of the universal fluid of which we have just spoken. It completely fills the whole universe, not only the spaces between things, but the things themselves, which it permeates in every part. It is "more subtle than ether, just as ether is more subtle than air, and air than water." Its nature he supposed to be magnetic, and he is said to have healed diseases by stroking the bodies of his patients with magnets held in his hands. Thus we see that the first use made of the doctrine in modern times was a therapeutic one, and this, as we shall see, has continued to be one of its most interesting aspects.

The medical profession of that day treated Mesmer with great contumely, but it is significant that Mesmer, and not the medical men, demanded an investigation into the phenomena. The result of that investigation is of great interest. The commissioners admit the genuineness of the phenomena, but declare that the result depends not at all on any fluid, magnetic or otherwise, but solely upon the mental condition of the patient. Strange to say, having thus laid down the principle which is the cornerstone of the modern doctrine of suggestion, they themselves apparently attached no importance to it, but considered that, in bringing in the above report they were annihilating Mesmer. Unwittingly they emphasized and helped to bring into clear light the grain of truth obscured by the vagaries of mesmerism.

By the year 1820 so much attention had been drawn to this subject, chiefly through the efforts of the Abbot Faria, that experiments were allowed in the Paris hospitals. A second commission to inquire into the subject was appointed by the French Academy of Medicine in 1826. This commission spent six years in its investigations, and brought in a report acknowledging the genuineness of the phenomena; but the Academy refused to publish the report. They appointed instead another commission, with a chairman violently opposed to the mesmerists. This commission examined *only two cases,* and these under circumstances which rendered success

impossible; and its report was published by the Academy!

The doctrine of Faria, that no occult force or influence was required to explain the phenomena, was taken up by Braid, an English physician, to whom the world is indebted for the name "Hypnotism," as applied to the phenomena in question. He declared that "no magnetic fluid exists, and no mysterious force emanates from the hypnotizer." The hypnotic state, and its associated phenomena arise entirely from the condition of the nervous system of the subject. Braid's method was to induce the patient to fixate some object with the gaze, in such a position that the eyes were raised a little, and the muscles of the upper lid became fatigued. This and the concentration of attention upon a single idea so far as possible, induced the sleep. He even found that he could hypnotize himself by steady gazing and concentration of mind.

In France Dr. Azam, of Bordeaux, took up Braid's discovery in 1859. The opening sentences of his book ascribe to Braid the honour of simplifying the study by clearing away the false idea of an occult influence, and proclaiming that the principle of hypnotism lies in the nervous system of the patient. Azam thus defines Hypnotism: "Hypnotism is a particular means of provoking a nervous sleep, an artificial somnambulism, accompanied by anæsthesia, hyperæsthesia, catalepsy, and certain other phenomena having to do with the muscular sense and the intelligence."

Broca, too (whose name is well known in connection with the cerebral localization of the faculty of speech), studied the subject, and employed hypnosis in certain cases as an anæsthetic. Indeed, we find, from 1845 on, evidence of the successful employment of hypnosis in surgery, sometimes even in such painful and difficult operations as amputation of the limbs.

The real founder of the present prevailing doctrine of hypnotism is Dr. Liébault, of Nancy, the title of whose book indicates the standpoint taken by him and the Nancy school generally: "Sleep, and analogous states, considered especially from the point of view of the action of the mental upon the physical." He took his stand upon the fact of suggestion, declared war upon all mystical interpretations of the phenomena, and maintained that there is nothing strange or abnormal at all in the hypnotic condition. Hypnosis differs from natural sleep only in the fact that the hypnotized patient falls asleep *en rapport* with the operator.

In 1878 Charcot began public lectures on this subject in Paris, and practised suggestive therapeutics in the hospital of the Saltpétriere. By fixation of the gaze upon a bright object, by gentle friction, and other means, he produced catalepsy, anæsthesia, lethargy, sleep, muscular hyper-excitability, and kindred phenomena. Charcot is the founder of the Paris school, in which great importance is attached to the physical conditions accompanying hypnosis. His school maintains that all, or nearly all, hypnotic subjects are persons with a nervous system more or less diseased; in short, that the hypnotic state is abnormal. This, as the reader will see, is quite the opposite of the position taken by the Nancy school.

With Bernheim began the recent revival of interest in this subject. He is now the head of the Nancy school. Accepting the views of Liébault, he published in 1884 his "Suggestive Therapeutics." His method is chiefly that of verbal suggestion. Discarding all mysticism, he exerts himself simply to produce in the mind of the patient the *belief* that he can be cured by this method. Let me quote his own description of his method:

"I proceed to hypnotize in the following manner: I begin by saying to the

patient that I believe benefit is to be derived from the use of Suggestive Therapeutics, that it is possible to cure or to relieve him by hypnotism; that there is nothing either hurtful or strange about it; that it is an *ordinary sleep* or torpor which can be induced in everyone, and that this quiet, beneficial condition restores the equilibrium of the nervous system, etc. If necessary, I hypnotize one or two subjects in his presence, in order to show him that there is nothing painful in this condition, and that it is not accompanied by any unusual sensation. When I have thus banished from his mind the idea of magnetism, and the somewhat mysterious fear that attaches to that unknown condition; above all, when he has seen patients cured or benefited by the means in question, he is no longer suspicious, but gives himself up. Then I say 'Look at me and think of nothing but sleep. Your eyelids begin to feel heavy, your eyes tired. They begin to wink, they are getting moist, you cannot see distinctly. They are closed.'

"Some patients close their eyes and are asleep immediately. With others I have to repeat, lay more stress on what I say, and even make gestures. It makes little difference what sort of gesture is made. I hold two fingers of my right hand before the patient's eyes and ask him to look at them, or pass both hands several times before his eyes, or persuade him to fix his eyes upon mine, endeavouring at the same time to concentrate his attention upon the idea of sleep. I say, 'You are closing your eyes, you cannot open them again. Your arms feel heavy, so do your legs. You cannot feel anything. Your hands are motionless. You see nothing; you are going to sleep.' And I add, in a commanding tone, 'Sleep.' This word often turns the balance. The eyes close, and the patient sleeps, or is at least influenced."

The doctrine of the Nancy school regarding the nature of the hypnotic state has obtained more general acceptance during recent years, than any other. It may be well therefore, to give a brief summary of their doctrine:

(1) States of body and mind can be controlled by other than the ordinary means.

(2) In order to this control, no mysterious fluid, no occult influence, and no animal magnetism, is required.

(3) Hypnosis is not an abnormal condition, but finds its perfect parallel in some of the most familiar experiences of daily life.

(4) Hypnosis does not require a diseased condition of the nervous system, but persons in the most perfect health often make the best subjects. Nor is it at all necessary that the subject should be a person of weak will or of inferior intellectual power. These are in fact unfavourable rather than favourable circumstances, because a certain degree of intelligence and a certain strength of will are necessary in order that the patient shall give his attention to the idea with which the operator is seeking to fill his consciousness. Idiots, and children below a certain age, make very poor subjects.

(5) Climatic conditions, race and sex differences, seem to have no influence either one way or the other. Wetterstrand succeeded in ninety-eight per cent. of the cases he tried in Stockholm. Bernheim's best subjects are men.

(6) Everything depends on *suggestion, i.e.*, getting the idea into the mind of the subject. It makes no difference *how* you get it there, whether by verbal suggestion or otherwise. It is now a familiar maxim in Psychology that ideas possess in themselves a motor force. Some, indeed, would go so far as to say that volition itself consists in nothing else but giving full attention to the idea of what we are about to do. All the movements follow as a matter of course, just as soon as you succeed in bringing the appropriate idea vividly enough before the footlights of consciousness, and in banishing all antagonistic representations. We are all familiar with the effect of a vivid idea upon our nerves and muscles. Who can read the "chariot race" in "Ben Hur" and sit perfectly still the while? It is a familiar fact in

surgery, as Bernheim says, that people sometimes go to sleep suddenly, without any period of excitement, while the anæsthetic is being administered, and before it could have done its work.

(7) We must distinguish between *hypnosis* and *suggestion.* Suggestion is to be seen at work everywhere, in the school-children who follow their "leaders," in the crowd who stand and gaze into a shop window because others do so, in the contagious yawn. Everyone is liable to suggestion, everyone possesses suggestive power. The hypnotic sleep is less universal than suggestion, of which it is a result. Every hypnosis is suggested, but not every suggestion is hypnotic. Some persons successful resist the sleep-suggestion, but obey other suggestions. Some, after yielding to the sleep-suggestion, successfully resist all other suggestions. In the majority of cases, however, the two are found together, and the hypnotic sleep, while itself the result of suggestion, increases the susceptibility of the patient to other suggestions.

(8) Hypnotic sleep differs in no respect from natural sleep, save in this, that the patient *remains awake to the influence of the operator, while sound asleep to all else.*

The effects of hypnotic suggestion upon mental and physical processes are extremely varied, both in kind and degree. It is not possible to give, within our present limits, an adequate description. Apparently every power of body and mind can be affected, and that in either of two ways, positively or negatively. Each power can be (temporarily) increased or diminished (or even annulled) at will.

In the first or lighter stages of hypnosis, the patient's *movements* fall under the power of the hypnotist. It is suggested that his legs are stiff and that he cannot bend them (catalepsy). He tries to bend them without avail, and even cries out as though in pain when an attendant tries to bend them by force. Automatic movements are suggested; *e.g.* the patient's hands are set in rotation, it is suggested that he cannot stop them, and he is unable to do so.

The intellectual powers are the next to yield. Take *memory* as an example. Here it is possible to produce (a) Suggestive Amnesia, in which real events are (temporarily) blotted from the patient's memory; (b) Suggestive Hypermnesia, in which the memory of real events is rendered more vivid. A man in the hypnotic state suddenly spoke Welsh —a language which he had learned in boyhood, but had, as he supposed, utterly forgotten; (c) Suggestive Pseudomnesia, or the creation of false memories. The famous Tisza Eslar case in Hungary is in point. The subject was so wrought upon by the hypnotist, as to give false evidence against his own father.

In the deepest stages of the hypnotic sleep *sensations* and even *bodily states* fall under the power of the operator. Here as elsewhere the phenomenon is threefold: (*a*) Suggestive Anæsthesia, or the cancellation of sensations. One whole sense channel can be annulled, the patient may be rendered blind, or deaf, or insensible to pain, or may be made unable to see or hear some particular thing. (*b*) Suggestive Hyperæsthesia, the quickening of sensation. Braid says: "A patient who could not hear the tick of a watch beyond three feet when awake, could do so when hypnotized at a distance of thirty-five feet, and walk to it in a direct line without difficulty or hesitation." (*c*) Suggestive Pseudæsthesia, the production of sensations to which no objective stimulus corresponds. These hallucinations may be produced in any and all of the senses. The patient may be made to see his own image in a paper pad (under the impression that it is a mirror), to hear the fire

alarm and count the number, when no bell is ringing, to drink from an empty glass and declare himself no longer thirsty. Bodily states and processes can be produced and modified by hypnotic suggestion. A damp cloth laid upon the skin, aided by suggestion, has been known to produce all the effects of a mustard plaster. The same means has been successfully employed in many cases to produce or check the operation of bodily functions, such as vomiting, changes of temperature, the flow of saliva, the movements of the bowels, and the menstrual changes. Nevertheless, although the possibilities of suggestion as a therapeutic agent are thus seen to be considerable, there will always remain, probably, one serious obstacle in the way of its general adoption as an anæsthetic in surgery, viz., that in many cases the patient is so excited by the expectation of an operation, as to be incapable of hypnosis.

A DAY IN THE ASYLUM FOR INSANE.*

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Perhaps the matter of greatest surprise, when one comes to make a special study of insanity, is that it is not vastly more common than it is. A very small proportion of the race ever become insane in the legal sense of the word. The term "insanity," to use it in its widest sense, signifies any form of mental derangement that is sufficiently grave to make special medical treatment and restraint in an asylum absolutely necessary for the safety of the patient himself, or of those about him.

Mental impairment which falls a little short of this is not usually called insanity, out of courtesy to the person whose mind has suffered the impairment. The term is regarded with traditional repugnance. In the popular mind insanity is not altogether respectable. From the standpoint of politeness in general, this amiable usage is altogether to be desired; but from the standpoint of medical science the custom is often misleading.

Moreover the popular idea of insanity is drawn chiefly from literary sources, and from time immemorial the disease has been regarded as a very picturesque one. It plays an important part in the histrionic world, where, to use the simple nomenclature of the stage, the last resort of many rather high-strung dramatic persons is to "go mad!" the proceeding being wholly a matter of their own volition, and the decision only being taken after mature consideration. To romantic literature and to the stage, however, the inquirer must not turn to learn what insanity is.

Disease of the lung is generally accompanied by pain in the chest, some difficulty in breathing, and perhaps a cough. The clinical symptoms are more or less connected with the act of respiration, which is the physiological function of the lung. In like manner, and quite as simple to understand, severe disease of the brain, or of viscera whose conditions intimately affect the brain, will probably be followed by some

* Read in part before the Toronto Medical Society, May 2nd, 1895.

disorder of the functional manifestations of that organ.

As the brain (the metaphysicians have said it) is the organ of judgment, emotion and memory, it naturally follows that its disease may very possibly alter the power of judgment, allow the emotions to run riot, or impair the memory. No two cases of mental aberration are exactly alike, but in all forms of insanity the helplessness of the brain to exercise unimpeded one or all of these faculties is observed.

Slight irregularities in these particulars are common enough in the life of anyone, but they are not sufficiently intense or permanent to occasion alarm or even comment. They are probably due to the same causes which, acting with greater stress, cause the more formidable distempers which are found in the wards of the insane asylum. Low spirits and bad temper, egotism and forgetfulness, vanity, eccentricity, laziness, and even so-called natural stupidity, are, as far as they go, pathological conditions of mind; but fortunately they do not go very far.

Even so, a tendency in any one of these directions will bear watching. The self-love which encourages and defends these mental defects under the impression that they are adjuncts of strong personal character, or possibly a mark of genius, forgets that mental imperfections are quite as much to be avoided as those physical deformities to conceal which any pain will be cheerfully endured at the hands of the dentist or surgeon, and any inconvenience borne. Personal vanity dwells more upon the texture of the skin than upon the texture of the brain.

When one considers the delicacy and infinite mysteries of the brain, enthroned with its millions of silvery cells in a shining vault of ivory; and when one reflects upon the wild tempests of passion and emotion which are constantly sweeping over that enshrouded amphitheatre, it is hard to understand how the beautiful fountain of memory and will and imagination retains its limpid lucidity, or preserves undimmed the thousand pictures and images amid the confused panorama of sights and sounds.

A feeling of awe, not unmingled with a sense of fear, must come to anyone who even faintly recognizes the splendour of the instrument which has been placed in his power to use as he will, or admits to his own heart the unworthy uses to which he has dared put it.

Mental unsoundness has been an affliction especially of civilized nations. It is almost unknown among savage races. The higher the civilization, and the greater the liberty of thought allowed the individual, the more common insanity becomes, and the more diverse are its forms.

Religious fervour was once thought to play a very important part in causing insanity, but an examination of the facts does not prove this to be the case. One, for example, might reason as follows: A large proportion of the insane in Ontario asylums are Methodists, and in view of the religious earnestness encouraged by the teachings of the Methodist Church, this fact may point to religious excitement as a cause. But the Methodist people form a very large proportion of the population of Ontario; and in this light statistics show that the percentage of Methodists among the insane is in reality a very low one.

The excessive competition in those walks of life which make the greatest demand upon the mentality and nervous system — a competition which is largely owing to an accession to these walks in late years altogether out of proportion to the amount of work to be accomplished by them—has led, in accord with the fundamental law of survival of the fittest, to such mental overstrain and to such a sacrifice of all the finer mental and spiritual needs of the

soul, that at the close of the nineteenth century the nervous condition of the American and European people, and especially of the urban populations, is uncertain, unstable, and in many respects altogether morbid. The newspapers, the art, the amusements, the literature, nay, and even the religion of the epoch, indicate strongly this pathological condition.

Neurasthenia, or nerve exhaustion, is the name that medical science has given to the actual disease produced by this condition. A jaded and exhausted race demands light novelties and strong impressions with which to occupy its mind. More than this, the overworked mind seeks artificial stimulation when the vital forces fail, and forgetfulness when the mind aches with the overstrain. This demand has been promptly supplied. To alcohol and to opium have of late years been added innumerable drugs, to lash to further effort the flagging energies, or to lull to Lethean slumber the wakeful brain. In his chemical laboratory some modern Archimago is bringing together the primary elements into new combinations that Nature herself never distilled. With twenty new forms of inebriety with which to contend, and as many forms of narcomania, in a moral atmosphere thick with social evils undreamed of in the past, the minds of the weaker individuals first of all now begin to give way.

Asylum after asylum is built and filled with new inmates, and new forms of insanity are developed.

Amid all these omens of evil, meanwhile, the health, the buoyant freshness of the people is being undermined. Degeneration is the term applied to such a condition.

Disease is hardly personal. The person suffers for the race because he is a part of it. He represents either its strength or its weakness. If its weakness, he becomes its sacrifice—a practical principle of nature illustrated allegorically in some of the legends of Greek mythology.

It is not alcohol alone, then, that is undermining the nervous sanity of the race, but a condition of life—a system of evils of which alcohol and crime and disease are merely the material manifestations.

Insanity is not a new disease, and these conditions of civilization which produce it cannot therefore be new either. The ancient Egyptians, the most civilized of the earlier races known to history, recognized mental derangement as a special form of disease, and their treatment of it, barring possibly a certain amount of superstition, was almost the same in principle as that which is at present followed in all civilized countries.

In Greece it was also recognized, and was regarded with equal superstition, one form of it being commonly called "the sacred disease," under which name Hippocrates, the great Greek, treats of it in his medical writings.

The subject of demoniacal possession has been very fully discussed, both scientifically and exegetically, in the standard text-books of theology, and it is not necessary to more than suggest the subject in this connection.

The insane, while they have often been regarded with superstition, have always been looked upon with terror, and in mediæval times they were driven out from the communities of the sane, and died, the most miserable outcasts, from starvation and exposure, the objects of mingled fear and hate. The idea has been preserved with great tenacity from century to century, both in pagan and in Christian Europe, that the mental infirmity of the maniac was a just punishment visited upon him by a higher power for some horrible crime. The violence of the mania was supposed to be proportionate to the heinousness of his guilt.

Of the few madhouses maintained

in Europe a century and a half since might be mentioned the Hospice de la Salpêtrière in Paris, and the Bethlehem (shortened to Bedlam) Asylum in London. The milder cases of the latter were allowed to beg at large on the streets of London, hence the sobriquet, "Tom o' Bedlams," by which these unfortunate patients were known. The Bedlam madhouse was visited by ladies and gentlemen a little more than a hundred years ago in search of amusement, and in very much the same spirit as people go to the Zoological Gardens to watch the wild beasts (and perhaps tease them) to-day.

The medical treatment of the insane in the early madhouses was extremely simple, and consisted merely in chaining the madman alone in a bare and darkened cell, where bread and water were thrown to him, and where a flogging of the cruellest character was often administered by way of indoor exercise. This mode of treatment has fallen into desuetude of late years in all well-regulated hospitals for insane. There are a few misguided ones, however, even in Canada, who imagine that the old *regimen* still obtains, and with the best intentions they are to this day to be heard in the newspapers, clamouring dismally for needed reform.

As late as twenty years ago restraint of various kinds was common in Canadian asylums, and even at the time of writing there are a few asylums in America where the camisole or straight jacket and the wristlets and the padded room are tolerated still. These relics of barbarism are to-day obsolete in all Ontario asylums. Perhaps the most convenient way of showing what insanity is in Ontario at the close of the nineteenth century, and how it is treated by Canadian alienists, will be to spend a day in the Asylum for Insane at Toronto, of which experience the following paragraphs are a careful sketch.

A few years ago this parent institution was known as the Provincial Asylum, since it sufficed for the whole of Upper Canada. To-day seven asylums are required to accommodate the insane of the Province. The population of Ontario has not increased in proportion, which demonstrates clearly, either that insanity is on the increase in the Province in spite of improved methods of treatment, or that many are now under treatment in asylums who were formerly at large.

Probably no American commonwealth possesses a more efficient or humane system of public charities than the Province of Ontario, which has not only provided for the insane and idiotic, as already described, but also for the deaf-mute and for the blind, in the excellent institutions at Belleville and Brantford. Most gratifying, indeed, to all those who love Ontario will be these provisions for the unfortunate, so consonant with the broad public spirit of the Province and with the kindly humanity of its people.

The asylum building, which is of immense size, is dingy with age. When built half a century ago it was far beyond the city limits; but in the course of years the city has swept westward, and to-day the old asylum grounds, green with venerable trees, and curtailed to the limits of twenty-six acres, are surrounded by streets and houses and factories. The high walls which bound it give it an air of isolation and seclusion, while daily the tide of traffic flows about it. The glimpse of quietude within attracts the eye of many a passer-by as to some enchanted isle of rest, washed round about by turbulent seas.

At six o'clock every morning the large bell rings from the belfry in the quadrangle, and nearly a thousand people arise from their beds for the day. The night-watches, from the men's and the women's side of the building, who have been patrolling the dusky wards all night long

with their lanterns swinging from their arms, by a touch of a button leaving a record every half-hour upon the great electric clock dial in the main office, a proof of their alertness, now go off duty at the stroke of this morning bell, and are relieved by the day attendants.

The noise of many footsteps is heard in the wards, and the din of voices and moving of furniture. The patients in the dormitories and in the single rooms are busy dressing. Those who are negligent or dilatory are assisted by the attendants, and with military precision are prepared for breakfast at seven. A constant stream of patients is to be seen going to and from the bath-rooms, where the morning ablutions are as rigorously insisted upon by the attendants as if they were a religious rite.

The hour is soon over, and again the deep clangour of the bell in the quadrangle is heard through the barred windows, and the patients and attendants file into the dining-rooms for breakfast. Each ward consists of a great corridor, well lighted, and with airy alcoves here and there. Opening upon the main corridor are commodious sitting-rooms, dormitories, single bed-chambers, grated open-air balconies, lavatories and dining-rooms. Each ward has all of these conveniences, and is a little world by itself.

The morning meal is simple in character, and like the other meals, is eaten within locked doors, the attendants acting as waiters upon the patients. Before the patients return to the corridors and sitting-rooms of the ward, every knife and fork is counted and locked away to provide against accident.

After breakfast the patients are at leisure for the day to spend it as they prefer. Those who earnestly desire it, and are able to work, go to the shops, to be described later, either there, or in the gardens, to find for a short time wholesome and light employment. Some ensconce themselves in a favourite corner, many of them returning daily to the same place and sitting day after day in the same posture. The more helpless are often taken care of by those who enjoy a fuller possession of their faculties—a pathetic usurpation of the attendants' duty by the patient at his own option. For among the insane, as well as in the world without, the instinct of protection in the stronger for the weaker is sometimes well developed.

The more lively patients may engage in such pursuits as interested them in their days of health. Some walk up and down the corridors together, or play at cards or chess. Others converse pleasantly in groups here and there of everyday matters, while some may gather together about the fire-place and sing, often with considerable skill, or still others (with a lesser degree of skill,) may very possibly sit down at the table alone and write such poetry as this which follows, which is all the product of the insane:

"There's never any good in moping;
What you want is strength in coping
With present evil by still hoping
Happiness on the morrow
Will come, the future much more pleasant
Than is the sad and unkind present,
So be at peace, content, quiescent,
With end to every sorrow."

"The pencilled sky, the morning's flush,
The glory of stream, tree and bush,
Appeal so touchingly and fair
That sense exults in praise and prayer.
Nearer and nearer at such hours
Seems the all-influencing powers;
Nearer and nearer to its fort
Then doth the harassed soul resort."

"And, oh, dear memories, how often,
When free from ills for spaces brief,
Did the brave heart within him soften,
And find in jokes a glad relief;
Released from agonies that sickened,
At liberty from all his ills,
How much the cheery spirit quickened
To sportive songs and merry tales."

Here and there some particular patient gives a clue to his delusions by his actions. He cries out wildly,

or talks and laughs with imaginary persons who surround him. Voices, inaudible to all else, fill his ears, and he answers them, perhaps jocularly, perhaps bitterly. Some creep beneath the benches or hide behind doors. Cases of melancholia retreat to a corner and moan sadly; others, more violent, gesticulate and declaim upon impossible insults and grievances to which, they insist, they are constantly subjected. Most of the delusions of the insane, however, are of a pleasant character. Many of them, suffering from megalo-mania, fancy themselves princes or potentates of high degree, and live in a realm of imagination where they are lords of mankind.

Many varieties of insanity are to be found in the wards. Careful experimentation has shown that solitary confinement (though in the most sumptuous apartments) is harmful to the insane, and lessens the probability of recovery. The insane are accordingly thrown into each other's society without any exception but that of sickness, when they are withdrawn to the comparative retirement of the infirmary. Mingling in each other's society tends in no wise to increase the insanity of the individual. One patient seldom if ever corroborates the delusions of another. Each lives in a little imaginary world of his own, often ridiculing the fancies of his associates, which he can see are absurd, though he fails to see the absurdity of his own.

Little or no violence, even of speech, will be witnessed during the entire day in the wards of the Toronto Asylum for Insane. To the idiosyncrasies of each patient the other patients, as well as the officers and attendants, soon become accustomed, and the most grotesque or ghastly delusions and hallucinations are passed over without comment, as the eccentricities of the sane are passed over by those who have grown used to them.

Immediately after breakfast the attendants are busy putting the ward in order. The dining-room is made neat and clean; every bed is made up in the dormitories, and every patient decently clad in time for the morning inspection of the medical officer, which takes place exactly at half-past nine.

The physician, accompanied by the chief supervisor, is met at the entrance of each ward by the supervisor of that ward. If any patient be ill, he is visited at once and prescribed for, or operated upon, at the discretion of the physician and as he may deem wise. Every corner of the ward is next examined carefully by the officer, who, in this way, passes from ward to ward through the entire asylum. For the men's and for the women's side of the house there is a separate medical officer, as one side is amply sufficient to engage the full attention of one physician.

The inspection takes upwards of an hour if the physician is not delayed with special cases. He mixes freely with the patients, conversing with them, either seriously or with a thinly-veiled air of badinage, accepting their confidences, and promising, as far as his conscience or patience will allow, to execute their numberless demands. A certain class of patients desire fervently to return home, and to entreaties for their liberty they add fabulous offers of reward, or, if the mood be a darker one, whisper terrible threats if the physician does not at once release them. Patients have been known to make admirable *fac-similes*, in wood or leather, of the ward keys, with which to escape, or, in asylum parlance, to "elope." At length the morning inspection is completed; and while the physician has returned to the office to make out his own report and examine those of the night-watches and day attendants, and to fill out the necessary prescriptions in the dispensary, the attendants in

the wards are again busy with the patients, giving each in turn a bath in the lavatories.

A couple of hours before dinner, if the weather be fine, the patients are taken to the recreation grounds, where they are watched over by careful attendants. While with cricket and quoits and other athletic exercises some in the open ground occupy their time, others derive a quieter, but more refined pleasure in walking under the shade of the trees.

At noon the asylum bell rings once more, and the midday meal is dispatched with due ceremony. The kitchen, as well as the laundry and shops, is a separate building, connected with the main building by a system of railways. The cooking is all accomplished by steam heat, the food being prepared in large cauldrons thus heated, and conveyed afterwards in closed cars to the different wards by the railway and dumb-waiter system.

There is a special arrangement of water supply in the buildings, the great dome being occupied by an enormous iron tank, in early times supplied by an engine direct from Lake Ontario, but of late years from the pipes of the city water works. Efficient fire extinguishers are also in readiness in case of emergency.

Besides the medical superintendent, whose duties are partly executive and partly medical, both the men's and the women's side of the Toronto asylum, like all other asylums, has a trained nurse, through whose skill and intelligent care the medical officers in the asylum, as medical men in private practice outside, look with entire confidence for the execution of those numberless little attentions which sympathy and tact may suggest, and upon which the ultimate recovery of the patient so much depends, while in the infirmary.

In connection with the asylum there is also a training-school for nurses where already excellent results have been obtained. The superintendent and his staff give a course of lectures as complete as those often given in educational institutions, wholly technical, and to those who succeed in passing the strict, but altogether fair examination which follows, a diploma is duly granted.

The bursar, or banker, overlooks the finance department and the buying. A steward, like the feudal seneschal, has charge of the contents of the cellars and of the stores; overlooking the work of the institution, while the matron looks after the domestic economy of the building, and assumes the thousand trying responsibilities appertaining thereto.

The shops—and nearly every guild is thus represented in miniature in the asylum—have each a manager, qualified in his trade; and to these might also be added the corps of gardeners and the farmer, though the latter now retains only the dignity of the name, as the farm was long since given up, piece by piece, before the city's westward encroachment. It is hardly necessary to add that nothing is grown in the garden or made in the shops on a scale more extensive than the needs of the asylum's economy require. Nothing is made for sale outside.

On Sunday morning the quieter patients, according to a very old custom, attend the English Church service in the asylum chapel. The chapel is of fair dimensions, and the service is generally quite as orderly as similar services are out in the world. On Sunday afternoon there is another religious service, in which representatives of various other denominations take their turn from week to week.

Upon week-days the afternoon is spent by the patients very much as the morning is, either in the wards or in the grounds. From the large asylum library many patients draw books which they read with about the same interest and caprice shown by the greater reading public without.

Occasionally some, in spite of all supervision, derive a fine literary amusement from tearing those volumes up. I remember one evening when the summer air was literally full of poetry—not with the voice of some wandering Ariel, but with ordinary English verse, a hypercritical lady at one of the ward windows above being in the act of amusing herself at the time by tearing whole handfuls of Longfellow's and Mrs. Hemans' poems from their respective volumes and casting them out generously upon the irresponsive air.

The afternoon inspection by the medical officer is made unexpectedly at any hour. The meals are regularly inspected in similar manner, and a medical officer of limited appetite derives considerable solid sustenance from the bread and butter and meat which, in his capacity of dietetic connoisseur, it is his sacred duty to taste in each ward during his inspection.

One great advantage of this system is obvious. If the butter ever should happen to be a trifle strong, the medical officer would stand a very fair chance of being aware of the fact after he had inspected all the dining-rooms of the asylum and tasted the butter in each. There is no record of this taking of refreshment, in the official capacity, ever having proved too rich for anybody's blood, but the matter is nevertheless deserving of silent afterthought.

When not in the wards, many other duties engage every moment of the resident physician's time. The elaborate system of book-keeping followed by asylums is one of the most onerous of his duties. The professional correspondence, which he answers, and which requires great prudence and calls for repeated reference to the institution records, is very heavy. Surgical operations, or the details of a post-mortem examination, may call for his time at any moment. Medicines must be prescribed and constantly repeated.

Beside a great deal of executive and clerical work, moreover, the physician, during visiting hours, is called to consult with the friends of the patients, both personally and by mail.

These persons may be logically divided into two great classes—those who are reasonable and those who are not. The latter class are firmly convinced that the physician could tell whether the patient may recover or not, and if so, the date of the recovery to a day. As he is unprepared to make this disclosure, they lose patience with him for his reserve, or scold him for his air of mystery as it seems to them.

But at last the long visiting hours come to an end, and, the last inspection made and the last visitor departed, the physician, exhausted mentally as well as physically, retires from the public office, and after the evening meal tries to get a couple of hours' rest. Even then he can hear every sound in the wards adjacent. He is still on duty, and at any moment of the night as well as the day may be called up by an attendant in case of emergency in the wards. As the unexpected is sure to happen, the physician is always conscious of a certain sense of nervous tension, which is hardly lifted from him even when he is relieved from duty and has the privilege of occasionally absenting himself from the asylum building.

Though the constant sense of responsibility for the welfare of so many hundreds of human lives loses somewhat of its strain as time goes on, it never entirely leaves him free, even when he is out of the building. For as Cæsar is said in the school books to have known his soldiers individually, so the asylum physician knows his patients. This epileptic may have a fit at any moment; this paranoiac may attempt to destroy the life of some

particular person; this paretic may fall in a congestive seizure; this melancholia patient is scheming night and day to commit suicide, and must be constantly circumvented; while another, in the last stages of marasmus, is dying, or another is oscillating between sanity and insanity, and every new manifestation is anxiously awaited.

In this manner the medical officer carries each in his mind. As time goes on his interests in the world without grow more languid. The life within the walls gradually absorbs all his attention, and the amusements and pursuits that formerly engaged him are looked back upon with faint regret.

The life within an asylum, while it has not the slightest tendency to unhinge the mental faculties, creates, nevertheless, certain traits of character which are difficult to describe but easy to recognize. Those physicians who for love of the work give up their lives to the special study and care of the insane, must be willing to give up a great deal, perhaps nearly all the pleasures that the outer world has to offer. The sacrifice will be made cheerfully, however, if the physician truly loves the work, for the work itself is its own reward.

Facing him every moment of the day are the soul's greatest mysteries, some slight vestige of which it may possibly be his lot to solve. If he be not afraid of his patients, he will grow to like them, perhaps to love them. They are his daily, almost his only companions. If he fears them, or what is nearly as bad, if he dislikes them, the best thing the physician can do is to at once abandon insanity as a specialty.

A certain amount of relaxation should be encouraged in the asylum life as a conservator of the mental tone of the officials, just as it is resorted to in the case of the patients as a remedy for actual mental disease. To the conscientious asylum physician healthful recreation is a vital need, as an offset to the severe nervous strain; and in this connection might be mentioned cycling and driving, music and outdoor walks, together with what reading time can be found for.

In the amusements furnished for the patients the physicians of course participate. At Christmas there is a Christmas tree, and in midsummer a picnic. Beside these innocent but cheering digressions in the daily routine are the concerts generously given by the church choirs of the city, and the "balls," which are an important feature in the winter months. Too warm thanks cannot be expressed to the gifted ladies and gentlemen who year after year volunteer their services at these concerts. The "balls," which commence at the unfashionable hour of seven, close about nine o'clock. This is a special indulgence, for the patients are usually in bed by eight.

At nine in the evening the day attendants, after their long hours, go off duty, the night-watches come on duty again, half the lights are put out, the lanterns of the night-watches are seen again in the corridors, the electric bells that have been ringing all day long become silent at last, the main door of the building is locked, and further ingress or egress barred. A little later the lodge-gate in the northern wall is also closed and barred; and though the lights of the city still flare brightly upon all sides, and the sounds of carriages and of footsteps resound without, all grows still within and dark where, above the foliage of the trees, rises blackly the vast pile of buildings, with the great dome shining above all in the clear moonlight.

Any attempt to explain in full the details of asylum life would be impossible in the compass of this paper. Where nearly a thousand people have to be cared for as one cares for children, it stands to reason that

nothing can possibly be accomplished without system. System is certainly of manifold importance in washing dishes and making beds, and in the asylum kitchens the *Gargantuan* repasts which are served up every day are both cooked and distributed by system. By rigorous system the great building is kept spotlessly clean, and by system the work of each day is allotted and performed. Still, system is not everything, and where it is embraced as a gospel it has its elements of danger. A patient cannot be studied and cured according to a formula. The moral as well as the physical needs of these most interesting human beings cannot be supplied according to a diagram. Sympathy is not systematic.

There is also danger of falling into the prison regimen. While it is perhaps easier to take care of patients as prisoners are cared for, it is a fatal mistake to turn the hospital for insane into a gaol.

On the other hand, the *esprit de corps* of a military camp might appear to some just about the proper thing. While an army of soldiers may thrive, however, as passive parts of a system of machinery, the best results are not gained in the case of the insane, by making the attendants non-commissioned officers and the patients private soldiers.

The main end is not to amuse and delight the idle spectator nor to astound visitors with novelties undreamed of. The gaol and the barracks idea are each preferable to the asylum where every step taken is for exhibition purposes. Fortunately there are few such institutions, and none in Ontario at all.

Nor must the patients for one moment be regarded as the deodands of science. They are all equally important and interesting, from the standpoint of humanity, however much more interest may be entertained for one by the physician, from the scientific standpoint, than for another. These institutions are not built exclusively for the convenience of enthusiastic and earnest specialists any more than for the delectation of the visiting public. All reasonable liberty should of course be allowed the alienist in making independent research, but mere fads of the moment, and it would seem to the reader of the current medical journals that no moment was without a fad of its own, should be discountenanced, however lauded by ardent professional men. Conservatism in medicine is very important in an age when the manufacturing pharmacist is filling the world with all kinds of drugs, and the more credulous physician is deluded into using them.

The recovery of recoverable patients, and the comfort of all, are the real criteria; and by these standards the Toronto asylum holds its present pre-eminent place among asylums for the insane.

POEMS UNWRITTEN.

THERE are poems unwritten, and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever were heard—
Poems that wait for an angel tongue,
Songs that but long for a Paradise bird.

Poems that ripple through lowliest lives—
Poems unnoted and hidden away
Down in the souls where the beautiful thrives
Sweetly as flowers in the airs of May.

Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts may behold—
Felt, though unseen, by the beings who love us
Written on lives as in letters of gold.

JAMES CLERK MAXWELL.

BY C. A. CHANT, B.A.

THE death of a man when at the very zenith of his strength is always a cause of sorrow; but when the one who passes away has given evidence of supreme mental power exercised in pure devotion to the world's highest needs, the pain is very greatly enhanced. In the case of James Clerk Maxwell not only was all the above true, but besides, his personal character was the union of nobility and goodness.

At the age of forty-two, in 1873, he published his great work on "Electricity and Magnetism," and though there has been unexampled activity in the study and applications of electricity since that time, still that work is acknowledged as the top-notch standard. Oliver Lodge refers to it as "one of those immortal productions which exalt one's idea of the mind of man, and which has been mentioned by competent critics in the same breath as the 'Principia' itself." Indeed the rudiments of almost every advance since its publication can be found clearly outlined in the work, and it would therefore seem that its influence can hardly be overestimated.

Clerk Maxwell was born in Edinburgh, November 13, 1831. His grandfather was Captain James Clerk, of Penicuik, who had two sons. The elder, Sir George Clerk, succeeded to the estate at Penicuik, and to the younger, John, fell the estate of Middlebie, in Kirkcudbright. This had come into the family through marriage in a previous generation with Agnes Maxwell, and along with the estate John Clerk assumed the surname Maxwell. James was an only son, and his mother, whose maiden-name was Cay, died when he was eight years old. His father had been called to the Scottish bar, but never practised as an advocate, preferring to retire to his house at Glenlair, near Dalbeattie, on his estate, where most of his time was occupied in taking care of his son.

The father was a somewhat eccentric man. He was warm-hearted and sincere, and had a peculiar interest in all kinds of manufactures. This practical turn he carried so far as to cut out the clothes for himself and his son, and as he cared rather for utility and comfort, they were not generally according to the prevailing fashions. They may have been well-fitting and sensible from many points of view, but being so different from his fellows the youth who wore them was subject to considerable school-boy sport which was painful to his sensitive nature.

Before he was three years old the boy began to show an active interest in all he saw. He would investigate the doors, locks, keys, etc., and was always asking, "Show me how it doos." To understand the bell-wires he would send a servant to the different rooms to ring while he stood in the kitchen, or he would drag his father about the house to show him the holes where the wires went through the walls. "What's the go of that?" was his constant question, and to a vague answer he would say, "But what's the *particular* go of it?" His father took especial delight in explaining the mechanisms to the boy, and this he continued until the scholar became the teacher and explained more fully to the devoted father the construction of the universe.

The father was very fond of a day's shooting, but the son was exceptionally solicitous for the life of every living thing. He had no horror of any creature. He would play with the frogs and tadpoles,

He would pick up a young frog, handle him gently, listen for his low squeak, then put him into his mouth and let him jump out again. One of his favourite sports was to paddle about a small pond or on the river in a large tub which he managed with considerable skill.

When the boy was eight or nine years old a tutor was engaged, but the experiment was not a great success. The scholar was reported slow, but it was soon discovered that the teacher was somewhat rough. James did not like to be driven, though he would not complain. It is suspected that the harsh treatment he received was partially responsible for a certain hesitation and indirectness of speech from which Maxwell never entirely recovered.

In 1841, he was sent to the Edinburgh Academy, where, in 1845, he gained the medal in geometry, and in 1847 the medal in mathematics. In this latter year he became a student at Edinburgh University, and for three years he pursued his studies very much as he pleased, not taking the regular course but working in the chemical and physical laboratories without superintendence or assistance.

Before Maxwell was fifteen years old his father had shown Professor Kelland a paper which the son had prepared "On the Description of Oval Curves." This was presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh and printed in the proceedings for 1846. While at the university young Maxwell presented two more papers, "On the Theory of Rolling Curves," and "On the Equilibrium of Elastic Solids," both requiring considerable mathematical skill. The last paper, however, was the outcome of some experimenting. In 1848 he paid a visit to the optician Nicol, the inventor of the "Nicol prism," who showed him some beautiful coloured effects produced by unannealed glass when placed in polarized light. This seems to have started Maxwell in his optical researches. On returning home he made a polariscope with glass reflectors, prepared some of the unannealed glass and then sketched in water-colours some of the beautiful effects. These sketches he sent to Nicol, who was greatly pleased and presented the boy with a pair of very excellent prisms of his own manufacture. These were always highly prized, and about three weeks before the owner's death were deposited in a show-case in the Cavendish laboratory.

In October, 1850, Maxwell went to Cambridge, entering as an undergraduate at Peterhouse. His first term was not very happy. His fellows at Peterhouse were all devoted to classics or pure mathematics, and he received little sympathy in his physical work. So in December he migrated to Trinity, where he found many congenial spirits and was looked up to as their leader by a band of his admirers. In 1852, while still an undergraduate, he stayed a few weeks with Rev. C. B. Taylor, the brother of a college friend. While there he was taken with a serious illness, and the great care and kindness with which he was nursed was always a bright spot in his memory, and was an important factor in the formation of his noble Christian character.

In 1854 he graduated as second wrangler, the first being Dr. Routh of Peterhouse, but the two of them were tied for the Smith prize. While at Trinity many things showed his odd independence. At one time he took his exercise for half an hour, from 2 a.m., by running along the corridors and up and down stairs, and very often he received volleys of boots, brushes, etc., in so doing. At this time he is described as slightly above the average in stature, with a weighty forehead. His hair and incipient beard were raven black, his eyes of a

very dark brown and his dress exceedingly simple and natural.

In 1855, Maxwell was elected a fellow of Trinity and put on the staff of lecturers, and in the next year he became Professor of Natural Philosophy in Marischal College, Aberdeen. Here he taught for three seasons, until, in 1860, Marischal and King's colleges were amalgamated to form the University of St. Andrews. Almost immediately afterwards he succeeded Professor Goodeve in the chair of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in King's College, London. After the death of his father he retired, in 1865, to his estate at Glenlair, and here he remained until 1871, when he was asked to become the first Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics at Cambridge. The Duke of Devonshire, then chancellor, had offered to build and equip a laboratory, and on Maxwell's acceptance of the position offered him, it became his duty to superintend the construction of the building, and he remained there until his death in 1879. During these eight years Maxwell's influence was very strongly felt at Cambridge. Indeed there was a genuine revival of physical science, and in nearly every phase of it Maxwell's hand is plainly seen.

As a teacher it cannot be said Maxwell was a great success. It seemed impossible for him to distinguish between the easy and the hard, and the very quickness of his imagination was a hindrance. The advice he suggested to a friend preaching to an ordinary congregation that he "give it to them thinner" would have been very applicable to his own case. It has been remarked that "between his students' ignorance and his vast knowledge it was hard to find a common measure." But when, as at Cambridge, his class consisted of a picked few who were able to appreciate his instruction, the admiration of these his true disciples was akin to worship. I might mention the names of other eminent scientists, certainly not good popular lecturers, and yet honoured by almost every learned society in the world.

I have noted above Maxwell's earliest contributions to science; his others are so many in number that it will be unwise to mention them in detail. In 1857, he obtained the Adams prize (instituted in honour of the discovery of the planet Neptune), the subject of his essay being, "The Motion of Saturn's Rings." He proved mathematically that the rings cannot be either solid or liquid, but must consist of numerous small bodies revolving about the planet, those nearest the body having the greatest velocity. Ever since the publication of this paper in 1859, this hypothesis has been accepted, but only during the present year has this conclusion been directly demonstrated. On April 9th and 10th, 1895, Professor J. E. Keeler, of the Allegheny Observatory (near Pittsburg, Pa.,) took two spectroscopic photographs, which, when examined with his remarkable skill, showed clearly that Maxwell's views were entirely correct.

Another of the great studies of Maxwell's life was that on the kinetic theory of gases. According to this theory a gas consists of a myriad of small bodies, the pressure produced by it being due to the continuous impact of these gaseous molecules on the containing vessel. The beginnings of the theory can be traced back more than a hundred years, but little progress was made in it until about the middle of the present century. Maxwell made numerous experiments and calculations, and must be regarded as one of the greatest champions of the theory.

In 1873, Maxwell delivered before the British Association at Bradford his famous "Discourse on Molecules," which has been oftener quoted than any other of his writings. He con-

tended that the spectroscope shows that the most distant worlds, between which no material thing could pass, are built up of molecules of the same kind as those we find on the earth. The absolute uniformity possessed by these minute bodies cannot be accounted for by a process of evolution. He concludes as follows: "They continue this day as they were created—perfect in number and measure and weight; and from the ineffaceable characters impressed on them we may learn that those aspirations after accuracy in measurement, and justice in action, which we reckon among our noblest attributes as men, are ours because they are essential constituents of Him who in the beginning created, not only the heaven and the earth, but the materials of which heaven and earth consist."

The treatise on "Heat," which is one of a series of text-books "adapted for the use of artisans," is well known. Much of it is not difficult to follow, but in some places very close thinking is required.

But it was in the domain of electricity and magnetism that Maxwell did his greatest work. As early as 1855 he had prepared an important paper on "Faraday's Lines of Force," and in 1864 he read before the Royal Society his "Dynamical Theory of the Electro-Magnetic Field." In 1873 appeared his great treatise on the subject. Before starting out to prepare it he had most carefully read Faraday's "Experimental Researches in Electricity," and he says he aimed simply to translate Faraday's ideas into mathematical language. The distinguishing feature of the methods of these two men is the attention they give to the space about an electrified body rather than to the body itself. The actions take place across this medium, and so they studied the medium, not the conductor alone. Maxwell's confidence in Faraday's experiments was not misplaced. In recent years almost every research has tended to confirm their views. Maxwell believed that electro-magnetic action is transmitted through a medium just as light is; indeed he believed the light vibrations have their origin in electric disturbances. As early as January, 1865, in a letter he says, "I have also a paper afloat, with an electro-magnetic theory of light, which, till I am convinced to the contrary, I hold to be great guns."

Within the last half-dozen years most remarkable confirmations of these theories have been obtained. Hertz, a young German professor who died on the first day of 1894 in his thirty-seventh year, devised methods for detecting these electro-magnetic waves, and directly measured their velocity, which he found very close to that of light. At the present day the prominent names in electrical theory are Faraday, Maxwell and Hertz. The first made the fundamental experiments, the second outlined the theory and the third verified it.

Maxwell was married in 1858 to Katherine Dewar, daughter of the principal of Marischal College. She entered sympathetically into his projects, and he gave her a life-long devotion. When away from home he wrote to her almost every day, with comments on portions of Scripture which he knew she would be reading at that time. Until 1877 Maxwell's health was very good, but in the spring of that year he was troubled with some dyspeptic symptoms. Nothing was said about it for a couple of years and by that time the ailment had clearly told on his constitution. In June, 1879, he went as usual to Glenlair, but made little improvement. In October, he returned to Cambridge, where it was hoped skilful treatment would restore him, but he gradually failed.

Until the very last his intellect was clear and active, and when he was too weak to dwell on scientific

questions, his mind was still alert about his other favourite studies. About three weeks before his death he remarked to a friend: "Old chap, I have read up many queer religions; there is nothing like the old thing after all"; and "I have looked into most philosophical systems, and I have seen that none will work without a God." On another day, not long before his death, he had been puzzling himself for some time vainly endeavouring to discover why Lorenzo, whose character is far from noble, is made to say to Jessica ("Merchant of Venice," act v., sc. 1.):

"Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou
behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

At another time, when too weak for continued conversation, after lying with eyes closed for some time, he looked up and repeated the verse, "Every good and perfect gift is from above," etc., and then added, "Do you know that that is a hexameter?

'πᾶσα δόσις ἀγαθὴ καὶ πᾶν δώρημα τέλειον;'

I wonder who composed it."

On the Saturday preceding his death he received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and when the minister was putting on his surplice Maxwell repeated to him correctly the five stanzas of George Herbert's lines on the priest's vestments entitled "Aaron," and beginning:

"Holiness on the head,
Light and perfections on the breast.
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
To lead them into life and rest:
Thus are true Aarons drest."

On the following Wednesday, November 5th, he met death consciously and calmly, and gently passed away.

TORONTO.

To science Maxwell's death was an irreparable loss, and the sorrow of his personal friends was inexpressible. To these he was a charming companion, brimming with fun and bubbling over with information. His knowledge of philosophy was very extensive, and he was an exceptionally well-read student of English. He was known as a contributor of verse to Blackwood's, and around the university his poetical jokes were famous. To his college mate F. W. Farrar, now Dean of Canterbury, whom he found

"Needlessly distracted
By some bright erratic ray
Through a sphere refracted,"

he sends a dozen humorous stanzas, advising him not to spend too much time on the mathematical tripos. To this Farrar replied, saying among other things;

"But you a lark with twinkling wings
O'er violet-banks are soaring;
Your voice the dewy rose-cloud rings
While statics me are boring."
[1853.]

The way in which physical ideas and mathematical phraseology are brought into metre is very amusing. One of the best of his attempts is his lecture to women on the "Thomson Mirror Galvanometer." (Scene, a single darkened chamber; one student.) The first stanza runs:

"The lamp-light falls on blackened walls,
And streams through narrow perforations,
The long beam trails o'er pasteboard scales,
With slow-decaying oscillations.
Flow, current, flow, set the quick light-spot flying;
Flow current, answer light-spot, flashing, quivering, dying."

By his will he left a fund for the establishment of a studentship in experimental physics in his university. Mrs. Maxwell died in 1887 and bequeathed £6,000 for this purpose, and in 1890 the university took possession for the purpose intended.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was the first week in October, and the weather was particularly warm and calm. The sisters were at work with the door and window open, when a shadow fell across the threshold and a parasol tapped on the doorpost. A slender, dark girl stood there, with smiling eyes like some Faith knew quite well—a girl of about eighteen.

"Are you Faith and Letty Kemp?" said the stranger. "May I come in? I am Patty—Patty Julian. Do you know me?"

"Yes," said Faith, rising and holding out her hand, and led the guest up to Letty. Letty had kept her seat. It had always been very distressing to her to rise for the first time, and show her dwarfed stature to strangers. She was at less disadvantage seated in her chair.

Patty bent and kissed Letty, and Faith at once loved her for that; but the slender, dark Patty seemed a little in awe of the tall, erect beauty, four years her senior. Faith gave her a chair near Letty.

"I am only here for a day or two," said Patty shyly. "I have so often heard of this beach, but I have never been able to come and see for myself until now. This fall I am more free. I do not have to go to school any more. I graduated in June. But you must not think that means knowing very much. They did not teach us such wonders of Latin as Kenneth says you know, and I am afraid we were dreadfully slack in English literature. Uncle Doctor would not send me to a college or boarding-school, where they would be real particular with us; he had some crotchet about my health. I had a cold once, when I was about six, and ever since then he has had notions about my health. Don't you think that was a very high price to pay for a cold—to have to be coddled forever after?"

"Perhaps it was very wise to coddle you," smiled Faith.

"Pshaw! I make sure that it was just because Uncle Doctor cannot be happy without someone to coddle! He is made so! Do you know, I see your brother Hugh very often."

"Oh, do you?" cried Letty, considering that here was a girl to be envied.

"Yes; he comes to our house frequently, and your Uncle Tom comes too, now, sometimes; and he and Uncle Doctor are getting to be great friends. I like your Uncle Tom very much. He and I get on so nicely; and he is always telling me how nice your brother is. He is so proud of him!"

Faith saw a vivid pink blush drifting over Patty's cheek when she spoke of Hugh.

"Your brother talks to me of you. He was so glad that I was to come up here to see you. He wished it would be well to write. He says to tell you that in a year from now you will all be living together, and will never be parted in this way again. He makes such plans, but he never speaks of them to his Uncle Tom. He says when the time comes near, then he will tell him just what he means to do."

"You make us very happy, speaking to us of our brother," said Faith.

"My brother also speaks to me of you," said Patty with a keen glance at Faith, who was very busy with an intricate corner of her lace-work, "and Aunt Parvin does also. I feel as if I know you."

"Thank you. How is my little cavalier, Richard?"

"Jolly as ever, and never tired of talking of his 'mermaid.' I used to be his favourite, because I can play ball and whistle; but he says you know how to do many more things than I do."

"I hope you will not therefore be jealous and dislike me?"

"No. I will not be jealous of you *about anybody,*" replied Patty. "I thought if—if next year you came to live with your brother, I should like to know you a little now; and then we could meet like old friends; so I ventured to come up here to-day."

"I am very glad you came up," said Faith; "but I do not think we shall go to live in the city with Hugh. I think we shall stay here. There are reasons why we should, and here we get on very well. We are too busy to be lonesome, and we have each other."

"But we are very glad to know you, and to be friends with you, if you will let us," said Letty, who thought Faith too cold.

Patty chatted for some time, and made herself very agreeable. Finally she rose to go; then, in a hesitating way, she said to Faith: "My brother came here with me; he is at the hotel."

A deep red spot burned on Faith's cheek.

"May he not come up here and call?" urged Patty.

"No," said Faith gently but firmly. "No, Patty."

"Well, thank you for calling me Patty. I hope it shows that you do not dislike me."

"I like you very much," smiled Faith, "and you were very good to come and call. But you must know —as I do—that it is better that—all should be—as I said it must. I know what is right."

Patty gently pressed her hand and turned away, but she knelt down by Letty's chair and put her arm about her shoulders.

"Dear Letty, I want you to love me and be my friend, and write to me; will you, dear? You have made no promise not to write to *me*, and you have no scruples about anybody else, as Faith has. And I want you to let me write to you, and you will answer me every week, will you not? It will make us both happier. Say that you will."

"Yes, indeed I will, if you wish," said Letty.

"Was I wrong, Faith?" asked Letty, after Patty had gone. "Should not I have promised to write?"

"It was well enough, dear, if you chose; but don't you see that was what she came for? Hugh and Kenneth have sent her. They want to hear from us, and as Hugh is pledged not to write, and nothing would induce me to, they will get on just as well if you do it. But I am sure she liked you really, for yourself, not merely because they sent her."

"But, after all, is it not right that they should hear we are alive and well—our own brother, you know?"

. . . . . .

The love of strong drink might, like the love of money, be called, "the root of all evil." As there is no commandment in the decalogue which has not been broken at the instance of the love of money, so there is none which has not been broken at the instigation of strong drink. Mr. Kemp, in discoursing to Kenneth Julian concerning this appetite, had held that often the brightest minds and the most genial dispositions were the victims of this fatal thirst. Of the truth of this statement he himself was a conspicuous example.

Drinking is by no means the only sin rife in this fallen world, nor are drunkards the only sinners. A great deal of sin hides itself under good clothes, a correct demeanour, and much self-approbation, and goes about its business, and regularly attends church, enjoying the highest credit in the community. The Scripture, which does not fail to

survey the entire field of moral action, tells us that "some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after." Ralph Kemp and Uncle Tom Wharton were types of these two classes of sinners.

There is also another thing to be observed concerning sinners and sinning: when the child of God cherishes evil in his heart, scarcely realizing how evil it is, and is yet desirous of being taught by the Spirit of God and walking in the paths of righteousness, then the time comes when the evil which he nourishes is brought clearly before him, so that like Job he abhors himself and repents in dust and ashes. Thus it was with Uncle Tom Wharton, who, though high-tempered and high-headed, was nevertheless sincerely anxious to serve his divine Master.

The preaching of the Word is perhaps the means most frequently used by God for awakening convictions of sin and true repentance, especially in Christians who attend upon the means of grace. They go to the Father's house and there they are enlightened concerning the Father's will. Thus it was with Uncle Tom Wharton. He took his accustomed place in the house of God, and there he was first reproved of sin and then shown the way of righteousness. He went to church one Sunday in November, and was disappointed to find that his own pastor was absent and that the pulpit was filled by an old minister whom he considered neither very learned nor very eloquent. This aged mesenger, however, had a great depth of experience on which Mr. Wharton had not reckoned.

Uncle Tom Wharton boasted that he was not a man given to changeableness, and he thought it rather to his credit to hold anger and hostility year after year against the ill-deserving. "If their wrongdoing is the same," he said, "why should not my feeling against them be the same?" Chief among all his cherished resentments was that which had been stirred by his brother-in-law, Ralph Kemp. Possibly his pride in his own morality, his scorn of Ralph's weakness, his bitterness against Ralph the sinner, a bitterness which extended even to his two nieces, because they had been guilty of cleaving to their erring father, were as evil in the sight of God as the devious ways of Ralph himself. The difference lay in that when Uncle Tom was shown his sin he hated it and forsook it; but Ralph hugged his darling sin the closer.

When Mr. Wharton heard the chapter for the morning reading announced, he opened his Bible to follow it, and it seemed to him he had never heard any Scripture so forcefully read. It was the story of a certain servant, who owed his Lord ten thousand talents, which were freely forgiven him; but he went out and took a fellow servant by the throat, and would not forgive him, but went and cast him into prison for a debt of a hundred pence. "And his lord was wroth." Then the text was announced, "But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Whereupon this aged pastor began to show, as Mr. Wharton had never realized it, the vast enormity of cherished anger, the danger of bidding the soul go up on the judgment seat to condemn our brethren, and the impossibility of loving and serving God while the human brother is unforgiven and unhelped. These ways of hardness are not the ways of our Father in heaven, or of the Christ our Elder Brother. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

In a few moments Tom Wharton found that the preacher was drawing the pattern of his wrath-nour-

ishing soul, and had a message from God to him. "Thou art the man" seemed to be the refrain of every sentence. How heartily had he hated the sinner as well as loathed the sin! How little quarter had he been willing to give to his erring neighbour! God had borne long with Ralph Kemp, but he had not been willing to bear with him one hour. He had bidden his stumbling brother to rise up and walk firmly; but had he given him his hand to help him up? Had he been right in refusing to help Ralph's children, except on the condition that they should sever all connection with their father? Who had given him authority to dispense with the filial tie, and set Hugh entirely apart from his father? Had not the daughters of Ralph a hard enough lot in life, but he must make it harder by denying them any comfort from their brother? Who made Ralph Kemp and Tom Wharton so largely to differ? What private and personal envies and jealousies and bickerings lay at the root of all this lofty exhibition of moral pride? Uncle Tom Wharton began to feel as self-convicted as did David when Nathan the prophet went to him with a story about a lamb.

Home from church went Uncle Tom in a very silent mood, and after dinner took down his Bible and Concordance to investigate for himself this law of forgiveness and compassion. He had had new light that day on some parts of the Scripture, and now he was searching out the meaning of Holy Writ as with a candle, line by line.

A week had passed away, and it was Sabbath afternoon again, and Uncle Tom and his nephew were in the library reading. Uncle Tom had faced the varied facts in his case; he realized how much he had always loved Hugh, who had his mother's voice and face and ways; he had always wanted the boy for his, and had not wanted to share him with his father, and he had been glad of a pretext for dividing him from his family and parting him from other love and making him dependent for love, friendship, comfort on himself alone. In all the seven years of their joint lives, Uncle Tom had never once mentioned to Hugh his father or his sisters. He had wanted the boy to forget them! Had he so forgotten? Uncle Tom, with this new awakening of his nature, was dimly conscious that it would be a bad omen for Hugh's character if he had forgotten these ties of family and kindred; and if he now found Hugh callous toward his nearest blood, he would mourn over the work of his own hands! Uncle Tom shrank from opening the subject lest he should find Hugh lacking, and should feel himself chargeable with the lack!

However, he was a blunt man, and what he had resolved to say he said baldly:

"Hugh!" in an imperative voice, "how long since you have thought of your father and sisters?"

Hugh dropped his book astonished. "I think of them every day."

"Next September you will be twenty-one, Hugh. Have you thought what you wished you do—about them—then?"

"I have made up my mind, Uncle Tom, as to what is the only thing I can do."

"Well," with impatience, "what is that?"

"My poor sisters, one a delicate, deformed girl, the other only two years older than I am, have had for seven years to bear all the sorrow, responsibility and care of my unfortunate father. As soon as I am my own man, I shall assume that care and responsibility, and give my sisters the relief that they have every right to claim."

"What do you mean by 'being your own man'?"

"I am bound to you, Uncle Tom, by a promise made by my sister Letty and myself to cut myself off from my family until I am twenty-one."

"And you think that a very wicked and burdensome promise that I exacted from you?"

"I think that you exacted it for my good. I believe that you felt that only by my being so severed from my father could I grow up in moral straightness, and free from his sin. I don't blame you one bit, uncle. You have been all and more to me than you promised. I owe you no end of gratitude, but I lose sight of the gratitude in giving you a son's love, and that seldom thinks specifically of gratitude. I am sure my sister Letty thought that this plan was right, if it was hard. But I do think, Uncle Tom, that if it had ended in blotting out of my mind my family and my duty to them, if I had grown indifferent to the needs of my father and the love of my sisters, it would have been very heart-hardening to me, and put me out of the line of blessing."

"That's what I think," said Uncle Tom; "but it seems you have remembered?"

"I loved them very much, especially my sisters. We had been everything to each other, and had had few other friends. I had promised my mother always to love and help the girls. We all promised each other before we parted that we would think of each other every day, and that the years should make no difference in our love. I have always prayed for them, and I am sure they have for me, and we have had our hearts held close together by being held in God's hand."

"And what do you mean to do for them?"

"I mean to put father in the safety of some retreat or asylum, where he cannot harm himself or other people. It is idle to hope that he will reform. It is too late. He is one of that unhappy class that must be cut off from the community, for the public good, and I can only take care that he shall have all the comfort and kind treatment that I am able to secure for him. When he is provided for I shall make a home for my two sisters. We can live together, in some little flat here, very cheaply. And if I cannot earn enough to maintain us all, the girls can earn what is lacking for themselves just as they do now."

"And you are going to leave me out in the cold?"

"No, Uncle Tom; we will visit you, and see you and love you just as much as you will let us. But the girls I must take care of; they are young, desolate girls, and you are a strong, rich, well-connected man."

"See here, Hugh," quoth Uncle Tom, "for the past week the Lord has been running a subsoil plough through my heart, and tearing it up at a great rate. I didn't know that I had such treasures of darkness in it!" And he proceeded to give Hugh an account of the moral revolution that had been worked in him. "I was wrong," he said; "and when Tom Wharton sees that he is wrong, the first thing that he does is to try to get right. The plan you have made is manly and sensible, if your sisters will fall in with it. You don't know what they are like if you have not heard from them for seven years, and that is all my fault."

"I have not heard from them, but I have heard of them, and know all about them, and have for more than a year, through Kenneth Julian; and Patty Julian went up to the beach where they live, and saw them and told me about them; and last Christmas the Julians and I sent them a big box of presents—poor, dear, lonesome girls!"

"Seems to me I've been keeping myself out of some good times!" cried Uncle Tom. "And little Patty

went to see them, eh? You chose a good messenger, Hugh. Little Patty! She is a girl worth knowing. When I look about on all I have been gathering to make this home pleasant, I sometimes think I'd like nothing better than to see little Patty here in possession, to hold it after I am gone! How does that strike you, Hugh?"

"It strikes me that I am not yet twenty-one, and am already provided with a family of three to take care of, and that I must stick closely to that for some years to come. But I did not send Patty to the beach. It was Kenneth who did it. Kenneth wants Faith to marry him, and she won't, on account of father and Letty."

"Well, well, well!" said Uncle Tom.

"I'm glad, uncle, that you are not going to be angry with me, because I must take my rightful place and do my duty to my family."

"No. I won't stand in the way of your getting God's blessing on right doing. I'll help you on. Why wait a year? Why leave those girls for another miserable winter up there on the beach? Tell me all that you have found out about them. Letty was the best little soul, and Faith was a real beauty, and bright as a new dollar. I wanted to have them come here at first, but I would not go so far as to put your father where he would be safe. Besides, he would not have gone, and he was then master of his own actions, and not so wrecked as he is now."

"Don't blame yourself any more," said Hugh, and gave in careful detail all that he had gathered from the Julians about his family; and yet Hugh was far from knowing the worst.

"Now see here," said Uncle Tom, "you go up there this very week, and see what arrangements you can make. If your father will go to some retreat quietly, well and good. If not, you can get an order from the court for his restraint. The only fair thing to do, for you or the girls or the community at large, is to keep him out of harm's way. I think that all habitual drunkards should be treated as dangerous lunatics, and locked up. When your father is in safe-keeping, bring the girls here. We will be all one family, just as I wanted to have it when your mother died. A pretty notion it would be for you and the girls to be living in your little flat, and the girls slaving away with their needles while I have more money than I can use! What do you take me for?"

"For a genuine good uncle, though sometimes a little crusty," said Hugh, laying his hand on his uncle's shoulder. "And your plan is a much nicer one than mine, Uncle Tom. You don't know how I hated to think of leaving you and this home and all the pleasant things I have been used to for seven years."

Now on this very Sabbath afternoon when Hugh and his Uncle Tom were planning in this way, Kenneth and his sister Patty were sitting together, and Patty said that it was already growing chilly; the days were short, and soon the hunter's moon would have waned away and the glory of the Indian Summer would have departed, and winter with its gray skies and whistling winds would be upon the land.

Then Kenneth began to lament the lot of Faith and Letty on the lonely beach in that little desolate house, with their father subject to violent outbreaks, and no friend near them but Kiah Kibble the boatbuilder. Kenneth pictured a thousand terrible things that might befall them, and he felt sure that, pursued by the demons of these fears, he should not be able to eat or to sleep all winter. For want of a better scapegoat whereon to lay his troubles, he charged all to Uncle Doctor. He did not stop to

consider that Uncle Doctor's opposition to Faith would have been futile if Faith had been willing to agree to Kenneth's plans for her and for himself. Moreover, Faith knew nothing of Uncle Doctor's opinions.

Patty, being a girl of common sense, expounded this to Kenneth. At all events, Kenneth said, it was impossible that matters should stand in this way. Faith ought to hear reason, for the benefit of Letty if not for her own. He should not let the question drop. If Faith were safe and comfortable, he would not be so miserable just because he was not the one to afford the safety and comfort. Then he inveighed strongly against Uncle Tom Wharton and Hugh for neglect and hard-heartedness. A pretty thing for them to be rolling in wealth, and the sisters in a cabin fighting for their bread! He knew what he would do: he would go up to the beach on Wednesday, and he would not come away until he had brought Faith to hear reason, and not risk her life and Letty's in this fashion. Then, having greatly excited Patty with a view of Hugh's iniquities, Kenneth after tea set off to the Seaman's Bethel, in which he had an evening class.

While Kenneth was going to the Bethel, Hugh was hastening to Uncle Doctor's to tell Patty the good news about Uncle Tom's change of opinion.

Patty was a vehement little body, and when she heard that Hugh had called for her to go to church, instead of going for her hat she stirred her thoughts to wrath, and marched as an army with banners to greet her guest in the library. The scarlet flush on her cheeks was as pennants displayed, the flash of her level glances was as serried bayonets; the clear, high tones of her voice rang defiance, and she met Hugh with a proclamation of war:

"Hugh Kemp! I've been thinking of your sisters all the afternoon! And I think you and Mr. Tom Wharton are acting most selfishly and barbarously to them! The idea of leaving them to freeze up there on that wretched beach, while you have all the good things of life here in the city, is intolerable!"

CHAPTER XX.

THE LAST CRUISE OF "THE GOBLIN."

When Patty so vigorously upbraided Hugh on account of his sisters, Hugh felt that this championship was admirable. At the same time it suggested to him what a fine thing it would be not to tell Patty what Uncle Tom had decreed, but to bring the girls to the city, and then give Patty a charming surprise. As he hoped that all his plans would be accomplished within a week, he could the more easily wait. Meantime, not to fall in her estimation any lower than he seemed unfortunately to be already, he told her that she was quite right, and he had made up his mind to do differently soon.

Thus, as Hugh kept his purposes a secret for the sake of a surprise, he failed to learn that Kenneth had resolved to go to the beach on Wednesday. If they had known of each other's plans, the two young men might have travelled in company. As it was, there being two rival roads, it happened that they went by different ways when Wednesday came.

On this same Sabbath when Hugh and Kenneth were occupying themselves with the sisters' fortunes, the day being fair, Faith persuaded her father to go with her to church. When the service was nearly over, he rose and quietly went out. Faith waited trembling for his return at the close of the service. He did not come back, and when the congregation was dismissed she went down the street by the saloons.

They seemed to be complying with the law for Sunday closing: the shutters were up and all was still. She could see nothing of her father. After wandering forlornly about the streets for a time, she concluded to go homeward, hoping to meet Kiah Kibble, who went to a church some little way on the farther side of the town. She finally saw the boat-builder, who searched about back streets and by-ways for nearly an hour, but discovered no trace of Kemp. He returned to Faith, who was waiting seated on the steps of an empty house.

"It is no use waiting for him, Miss Faith," he said; "he is well hidden. You might as well go home to your sister. There's only One can look after the devious steps of your father. The poor man is constantly more bent on having his own way and getting out of your care. To my view there is only one thing to be done, miss: if you cannot put up with his being commonly drunk on the streets, or imprisoned for misdemeanour, we must show that he is dangerous, as I think he is, when he is at large, and have him shut up."

"But where? We have no money to pay for him at a retreat or at a lunatic asylum; it costs a deal, and Letty and I are just barely able to get along, working all that we can."

"The county house has a ward for such; he could be got in there," suggested Kibble. "I can see to it."

"Do you mean as a pauper in the poorhouse?" cried Faith, flushing crimson. "My father! educated as he is—and"—

"I know, child, it is piteous hard; but what then? It is better than being out on the streets, unable to look after himself. He is in danger of doing something terrible, or of meeting some fatal accident. And then, you and your sister are never at rest or able to take any comfort: it is too hard; it is wearing you out."

"We cannot do that! it is too dreadful," said Faith. "We must bear our burden one year, or at least ten months more, and then, with our brother to help us, we may be able to put our father where he will be safe and not too much disgraced."

The memory of Faith's sad eyes and discouraged face so haunted Kiah that in the afternoon he went over to see the sisters. Their father was still absent. Both the girls had been crying.

"It is harder," said Kiah to Letty, "harder sometimes to leave those we love in God's hands than to leave ourselves there. We feel truly that God is good and wise and will do the best, and if the choice were given us, we would not want to take matters out of His hands; and yet it is hard to rest satisfied. It takes a deal of Christian spirit to say, as David did: 'Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother; my soul is even as a weaned child.' Just giving up and waiting is a heap harder than the bravest doing; I'll allow that. Keep up heart; 'The Lord shall bless thee out of Zion.'"

"I suppose it is just a piece of foolishness," said Faith, "but I feel a sort of terror over me, as if something dreadful were going to happen. I feel shivery and frightened."

"The weather is changing and the winter is coming on," said Kiah. "We're going to have storms, and you are always one main fond of good weather and warm, bright skies. You dread the winter, and I don't know as anyone could blame you. But you know, Miss Faith, that the evil of things is always more in the dreading than in the things when they come. The winter will go by, day by day, as beads slip off from a string, and it will soon be gone, though it looks so long in the expectation. I reckon that's one reason why God don't let us foresee the future — because we'd suffer

twice over, once in the expecting and once in the enduring, and the suffering in expecting would be doubly the hardest."

"I don't feel as Faith does," said Letty, leaning back quietly. "I cried about father just now, with Faith; we cried for company's sake, I think; but somehow I feel as if everything were now going to be just right. I have had such pleasant dreams lately, all about my mother. We seem to be together and satisfied and happy. I think much more about my mother than about Hugh, though I suppose in ten months we shall see Hugh. And while I am at my work, I feel content and as if our troubles were already rolled away like a thick cloud, and I sing to myself. And it seems as if heaven were near, so very near, just a step, into the next room or so. I don't know what I'm happy about; I'm just happy."

"I don't think you have very much to be happy over," said Faith.

"Oh, yes, I have. I have you, for instance. And I enjoy my letters from Patty so much. I am going to write to her to-morrow. And it is such a comfort that our brother is good, and thinks of us. Suppose he had gone wrong? And I am happy when I read the Bible, it seems to mean so very much to me; and my heart is full of hymns that sing in it as a flock of little birds in a garden; and I am happy when I think that I need not worry or trouble myself about anything, but that all I have to do is to fall back on God and trust Him. 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.' 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.'"

Faith drew nearer and nearer to Letty and clasped her arms about her as if she would hold her fast. She seemed somehow as if slipping away from her into a diviner air.

"You are too happy," she whispered; "there are some cords drawing you that do not draw me. You must not forsake me. You will not leave me, my own good little Letty?"

"That is as God wills," smiled Letty. "It seems to me as if I feel stronger than ever, and am to be here a long, long while, till I am very old, Faith. How oddly I will look, so little, and yet so old and gray!"

Faith kissed her passionately.

"Don't take things so, Miss Faith," said Kiah,—"as if only sorrow and evil were coming. Why can't you feel as Miss Letty does—as if good was even now on its way to you?"

He rose as he spoke, for the afternoon was closing, and as he opened the door he added:

"And here is some good at once; here comes the father up the beach, and he is walking very straight."

"You go meet him, Letty," said Faith, "and I'll hurry and get him some supper."

Mr. Kemp had been drinking, but not deeply. He brought home with him, hidden in his bosom, a flask of brandy, of which he said nothing. After supper he said he was going to bed.

"You are not sleepy yet," said Faith. "When you have gone to bed, leave your door open, and Letty and I will sing to you."

They sang a long time, and finally sleep and silence settled down over the little house on the beach.

Monday arrived with forebodings of a change of weather. Puffs of cold wind came across the marshes, where now gleaners were at work picking the last of the cranberries. The seabirds flew low, screaming, and among the distant rocks the red, hairy seals began to sport and dive, returned from northern migrations. Faith heard them calling and bleating like calves: to her their voices told of winter. The sky was very blue, but fringed and flecked with small white clouds. The sea, also, was intensely blue,

and here and there dancing in the distance were curls of foam.

"It will brew in this way four or five days," said Faith, "and then a big storm will break. We have provisions enough and work enough, but the wood is nearly gone. We must see that father gets some and cuts it and brings it in."

Father did not object to this work; he addressed himself to it with feverish energy. A terrible struggle was going on in the father's soul. He was making his last fight against his besetting sin. Once more the shame of his state, the fear of the future, compassion for his daughters had stirred him, and he longed, with what little strength of purpose was left him, to break the chains of appetite. There was the bottle of brandy hidden in his room. Should he drink or should he not drink? The day before, drinking stealthily with others in the cellar of a saloon, supposably closed for Sunday, the horror of his condition had stared him in the face, and he had resolved to go home. But, ever infirm of purpose, he felt as if he could not face what might be unappeasable pangs of thirst, and he took with him a quart of brandy. The walk in the fresh air, the hot supper, the attentions of his daughters, sleep calming his nerves, had given him a little strength, and he refrained from helping himself from the bottle. He wondered if, like Tennyson's cobbler, he could set his enemy before him in the strong sunlight, and defy it, and never drink again. Probably not; and if the bottle came forth, doubtless Faith would confiscate it. Meanwhile work, hard work, provoking a hearty appetite and heavy sleep, would tide him over a little period of abstinence.

Thus Monday and Tuesday passed and Wednesday came, gray and cold and windy. The sea was a dull leaden colour now, and rolled and broke in foam-crested waves. The skies stooped close over the sea, dull leaden as the waters. The fishing fleet remained at anchor in the farther cove. It was useless to go to the fishing-grounds to-day. The *Goblin,* fastened to a ring in a rock, tossed about and threatened to pound roughly on the reef if the offshore wind changed. Faith thought that later in the day she and father would draw the *Goblin* up on the sand.

After dinner, Faith found that she must go to a farmhouse about a mile off for meat, eggs, and butter. If her father were to be kept quiet, they must give him fairly good meals. It was idle to send him for the provisions; it might put it in his mind to go to town. But as for putting it in his mind, it was in his mind all the time. Faith asked him to do some mending and banking up about the kitchen to prepare it for bad weather, and then saying, "Good-bye, father; take good care of Letty!" she set off.

A few minutes after, Kemp, as if seized and dragged by a fiend against which he had no power, rushed into his room and drank part of the brandy. Then he cursed his compliance and worked madly for a time. After an hour he felt as if that bottle were dangled just before his eyes, tempting him to drink. It was idle to fight. He ran into his room and seized the flask; then a horror of his state overwhelmed him. He flung the bottle over upon the bed, crying, "I cannot! I will not!"

Letty heard him. She ran to him holding out her hands. "Father! father! what is it?"

He looked at her wildly, and running past her hurried toward the water. Poor Letty went after him as fast as she could. He ran straight to the point of rocks, got on his knees, and began to untie the *Goblin.*

When Letty reached him he was already about to step into the boat. "Father!" she cried, "what are you

going to do! You must not go in the *Goblin!* Even the big boats are not out to-day. The wind is getting stronger. Father! don't go!"

"Let me alone, Letty! I am going out to my lobster-pots. To-morrow it will be so stormy I cannot bring them in. There will be no more lobsters. I must get the pots."

"No, no, father! let them be. It is not worth risking so much for! They will drift in if they break loose. Don't go!"

But he felt that he must have fierce exertion and frantic excitement if he were to battle with his fiend. Go he would; he was already putting in place his oarlocks.

Letty saw his unsteady hands and wild eyes. The brandy he had recently taken was telling on him. If he went out in this state, he would never get back—he would lose command of his boat. If she went, Letty thought she could quiet him with her words, tell him what to do when his own reason proved treacherous; she could steer the boat, and, if need be, she could row well, for Letty's arms were strong.

"If you go, I will go with you, father!" she exclaimed; and as her father was pushing off she threw herself into the boat.

"Stop! go back! You cannot come!" roared her father.

"I must, if you do. But come home, father; tie the *Goblin* up; let neither of us go."

The wind was driving them out from shore, but the tide was coming in, and just here the sea was calmer among the rocks, and the *Goblin* felt the influence of the tide more than the wind.

Father found the boat setting in toward the shore. Then the spirit of perversity, which was in him when he had been drinking, took the reins. He gave a strong stroke with the oars and sent the boat flying seaward.

"I *will* go! There! Come, if you must!"

Letty clambered to the stern of the boat and took the tiller ropes in hand. She had wrapped a shawl over her head and shoulders and she pinned it fast.

Father was in his flannel shirt-sleeves; he had cast off his coat. He was hatless and his hair blew wildly backward, as facing Letty he drove the *Goblin* along the water.

This was what Faith saw when she reached the house and from the height of the dune beheld the *Goblin* leaping along the waves, Letty in the stern, the ends of her red shawl fluttering about her, father, in his blue shirt, bent to the oars. There was a rift in the sullen cloud-canopy overhead, and the broader light fell over the boat and its hapless crew. To what destruction were they going? Faith shrieked after them, "Come back! come back!" and dashed along the beach and out upon the rocks. It was idle to call. Father rowed right on furiously, and Letty, whose back was toward Faith, never looked around. Faith ran up and down the beach in terror. On, on, on! The *Goblin* was but a little speck. It paused. In the line of light, surrounded by those white curls of cruel foam, Faith saw the red and the blue and knew that their father was drawing up his lobster pots. But now the wind that had been shifting and veering all day swept around and united with the tide, driving waves and boat landward, and Faith found the storm rising more fiercely with rain upon its wings. Straining her strong young eyes along that gray fury of the elements, it seemed to her that her father had lost strength or will or knowledge. Something was wrong. The *Goblin* varied in its track and staggered under the force of the waves and was not keeping its due course toward shore, but driving where the treacherous currents bore upon hidden rocks. And now it was sure that this boat

and her freight of two hung trembling on the verge of disaster, and death was imminent.

Faith was alone on the beach; no fisher was in sight; no one heard her cries of despair or noticed her arms flung up wildly as she ran up and down the strip of sand, heedless that her hat and shawl were torn from her by the wind, and that her long golden hair, blown from its braids and coils, lay tossing over her shoulders. If she ran toward the boathouse, that would take her out of sight of the *Goblin,* and if near the shore it overset, and the tide brought father and Letty in, no one would be there to help them. Besides, perhaps Kiah was not at the boathouse, and it was half a mile away. Faith ran to the house, threw wood on the fire and put on a kettle of water; she made a fire on the hearth of the front room, always keeping her watch upon the sea. She laid out blankets on the floor and then darted back to the beach. So near! so near! she could see them well. Father had ceased to row and his head was bowed on his knees. Letty seemed still to hold the tiller ropes, but her face was upraised to the sky. They could not hear Faith's cries of terror; the wind carried them far inland, and the ears of the two in the boat were stunned by the tumult of the sea.

The *Goblin* hung on the crest of a wave which broke upon a great rock, and the frail boat struck broadside and the water rushed through the shattered planks. The *Goblin* had made its last cruise, and the two, father and Letty, went down under the whirling foam. Faith saw it and instinctively rushed into the water, as if she would get them and rescue them. She did not realize what she was doing until the water swirled about her waist and she felt the instinct of self-preservation numbly stirring within her and dragging her back, while she realized the futility of any effort of hers. No strong swimmer even could live in that dash of surge. So with the waves breaking in foam about her knees she stood crying to the waters to give her back her own, and held out her helpless arms.

And now the tide and the wind united to restore what wind and tide had taken. Swept in with the débris torn from the sea bottom, hurled shoreward with wreckage of sand and weed and shells and bits of the *Goblin,* came Letty and her father. Faith with streaming eyes kept pace along the shore with the drifting of her treasure on the sea, and at last, after half an hour that seemed a lifetime, she rushed again into the water and seized Letty's garment's hem and drew her to her and carried her to the bed of weed along the beach—Letty, white and still, with face as serenely calm in the peace of death as if those mad waves had been a cradle rocking her to sleep, timed to the cadence of a mother's song. Faith laid her down; she knew it was too late to try to call life back. Letty was otherwhere, lost in the light of God. Faith knelt by her little elder sister with agony too deep for tears or sobs.

And now the waters were bringing a darker burden, and Faith went down into them again and reached her father, and with the output of all her young strength drew him also upon the sand and composed his limbs and laid his hands across his breast and wrung the water from his hair and wiped his face and closed his eyes. "O father! father!" Then, dazed by her strange fate, the girl knelt down between her dead, and she saw that the features of her father gradually changed and settled into calm, and took the fashion that she remembered when she was a little child. So, overwhelmed by what had come upon her, under the lowering sky beside the stormy sea she

knelt between her dead, holding a hand of each.

Then along the beach, from where the stage had left them, came two who had met, bound on a similar errand—Hugh and Kenneth. And when a few paces had brought them to the crest of the dune, and Kenneth pointed and said, "They live there," they saw upon the sand two figures outstretched and still—and one who knelt between.

There lay father. For him all striving and failing were ended, his cause gone before a higher court, where cases are not tried on human testimony and of whose verdicts we do not know. There was Letty, entered into peace—one of the maiden martyrs of the nineteenth century, faithful to the end to him who at the close as at the opening of her life had been her destroyer. But no! this was not destroying; it was the best possible end, and by the sea gate she had entered into heaven.

"In this night of death I challenge the promise of Thy word:
Let me see that great salvation of which mine ears have heard,
Let me pass to Thee accepted, through the grace of Christ my Lord."

THE END.

WHY?

BY AMY PARKINSON.

THY ways are full of mystery, O Lord,
And far do they surpass our deepest thought;—
Thou art a God of mercy and forbearance;
Upon the evil, as upon the good,
Thou bid'st Thy sunbeams fall—and both alike
Know the refreshing coolness of Thy showers:
And yet on some of Thine own loving children
Affliction's hand most heavily is laid.
Thou could'st remove it—for, as Thou dost will
Come joy or sorrow, ease or suffering,—
But the sore pressure weighs upon them still:
We wonder why—it seems to us so strange—
Yet, while we wonder, never do we doubt
Thy wisdom or Thy kindness. We are sure
That boundless Knowledge and unfathomed Love
Cannot mistake, and will not e'er impose
A needless burden. Thou hast told us, Lord,
That all things work together for their good
Who hold Thee dear;—and we believe Thy word.
By our unaided thought we had not dreamed
That loneliness and loss and pain and care
Could tend to joy; but Thou hast given us
Thy firm assurance, and we rest in it.
And now and then a beam from the bright future
Streams sweetly forth, and so irradiates
The darkened glass in which we dimly trace
Thy purposes—that we begin to see
How Thou dost lead to Thy most precious things
Through seeming evils.
Lord, Thy will alone,—
Oh, never theirs!—Thy children do desire;
And, though it seems Thee best that sorrow's clouds
Obscure for them the light of earthly gladness,
They murmur not, but, as Thou giv'st Thine aid,
With patience wait, knowing that, by-and-bye,
The darksome shades shall flee, at Thy command,
Before the sunlight of Eternal Joy.

TORONTO.

THE ELDER'S SIN.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER I.

The rocky Rhinns o' Galloway,
The Covenanters' sure retreat:
The wild, waste moors o' Galloway
Trod by the Martyrs' weary feet.

THERE is an exceedingly picturesque promontory at the extreme end of the western coast of Scotland, called Galloway. It is no unkenned land. The Roman galleys sailed its estuaries. The first stone church in Scotland was within its boundaries; and Saint Ninian made its shrines famous throughout the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms, and all the races of Ireland, and even far beyond the native seas. Memories of the Bruce and his brave deeds are written on the hills that guard Loch Trool. The Covenanters fled to its moors and mountains for shelter, and some of them left there a testimony of martyrdom which is green even to this generation. It was the home of the great families of Gordon of Kenmuir, of the Kennedys, Murrays, Hays, Dalrymples, M'Dougalls, and of those M'Cullochs who so harassed the people of the Isle of Man, that they had a common prayer against them:

"Keep me, my good cows, my sheep, and my bullocks,
From Satan, from sin, and those thievish M'Cullochs."

Still, its religious element is in its modern history its dominant one; and from the Rhinns of Galloway have come men of the most profound religious convictions—forefront men in any question of Dissent—descendants of those heroes who, in the days of the Stuarts, fled to the rocky fastnesses not only to save their lives, but also to scatter the good seed in a land of hills and caves, a land desolate and inaccessible to those less purposeful than they themselves.

There is now a railway station at Port Braddon in the Rhinns of Galloway, but sixty years ago it was an unplanted wilderness all along the moors of its storm-beaten coast. Here and there a lonely cottage loomed through the prevailing mists, or stood out bare and bald in the very centre of some moor that was washed to the very bones by the rain-floods. Or down on the shingle there was, perhaps, a little colony of fishers. But even in these clustered homes there was none of the sound and stir of life; for they were pensioners upon the ocean, a fickle and cruel master, who held in his gift death as well as life. To the Galloway fishers all seasons had a serious colour; and their intense piety was but the natural attitude of thoughtful men, dwelling constantly on the confines of eternity.

Sixty years ago there was a little fishing colony of this kind three miles south of Port Braddon, and beyond it to the extremity of the Mull of Galloway, nothing but more and more isolated settlements, separated by lofty rocks and stony inlets, with perhaps here and there some ancient castle or well-sheltered modern nobleman's dwelling.

This colony had no recognized name, but among its inhabitants was known as "Carricks," the man Andrew Carrick being the proprietor of its whole six cottages. Carrick himself lived on a house on the summit of the bluff. He was a man who would naturally have chosen the highest place he could find for a dwelling; and destiny had given him the site he would have selected.

Two hundred years before his

birth there had been an Andrew Carrick, who, flying for life to these solitudes, had gradually acquired an affection for them; and he had built the house in which his descendant and namesake lived. It was of gray stone, and stood upon the cliff, boldly facing the restless channel in which the Solway Firth and the Irish Sea hold such stormy revels.

But it was founded upon a rock, and built of huge blocks of granite; and its deep, narrow windows and thick doors defied the winds that waged nearly constant battle against its walls. The Lone House had originally contained only the "but" and the "ben" common to Scotch cottages; but Andrew's father had built a second story, with dormer windows facing the moor and the sea. Besides, there was a byre for the cattle, and a small sunk cellar used as a dairy and store-room.

The Carricks were of noble strain, and had been endowed with a double portion of that "protesting" spirit inherent in their race. They had followed Wallace, fought with Bruce, "protested" with Knox, been "out" with the Covenanters, seceded with the Relief Kirk, and at the time my tale opens the man Andrew Carrick was in the midst of a soul-searching inquiry regarding the movement of Dr. Chalmers for the glory of a Free Kirk, with a most decided natural inclination to follow the great doctor.

Andrew was a shoemaker, and he sat upon his bench mending a fisherman's boot, and arguing the question conscientiously out with himself; and the jerky or solemn way in which he pulled his waxed thread through the leather was an emphatic, though quite unconscious, commentary upon his thoughts. He had a large, stern face, with that remarkable length of jaw from ear to chin which is a leading trait in the portraits of all the men of Covenanting note. His hair was long and black; his brow seamed with firm, broad wrinkles; his large, gray eyes had no sparkle in them, but they gleamed with a haughty independence of virtuous honesty, mingled with much spiritual pride.

By-and-bye he became conscious of some sound interrupting the even flow of his thoughts. He lifted his head and looked towards the fireside. On a creepie before it, and softly singing to herself, sat his youngest daughter, Jeannie. She had been combing wool, and her lap and her idle hands were full of the fleecy stuff. He listened to her a moment, and then he asked,—

"What is it you are singing at a', Jeannie?"

"Just a line or two from Robbie Burns. There is no wrong in that, father."

"Is there naebody to put a word in your lips but that graceless ne'er-do-weel, Jeannie? Think shame o' yoursel', my lassie."

"I was just humming a bit from 'Bonny Lesley;'" and she looked him bravely in the face and gaily sang,—

> "'To see her is to love her,
> And love but her forever.'

There is nothing ill in that, father."

"And there's naething good in it. And whar there is no good, thar is plenty o' ill. Forbye, I'm thrang wi' a controversy that taks a' the grace and skill God has gi'en me."

Jeannie smiled at him brightly, but did not speak, and Andrew softened under the smile. Jeannie Carrick was not beautiful, but she had that charm which strictly beautiful faces often want. Her eyes fascinated and her smile compelled. Everyone was glad to please Jeannie Carrick, and sorry even when they were obliged lawfully to grieve her. So in a very few minutes Andrew became restless in the silence he had commanded. The want of Jeannie's song was now worse than its sweet, low murmur; and he said kindly,—

"I dinna approve o' Robbie Burns, Jeannie, but there are plenty o' songs that are lawfu' and not a'thegither devoid o' a gracious memory. I'll put by my ain work and my ain thoughts a wee and you can sing 'The Covenanter's Lament,' and maybe I'll slip a word or two in mysel', dearie."

Then he left his bench and sat down beside her in the firelight, and after a moment's silence Jeannie began to a wild, pathetic melody the mournful lament:

"There's nae Cov'nant noo, Lassie!
There's nae Cov'nant noo;
The solemn League and Cov'nant,
Is a' broken through.
There's nae Renwick noo, Lassie!
There's nae gude Cargill,
Nor holy Sabbath preaching
Upon the Martyrs' hill!

The last four lines were almost like a sob, and Andrew's stern face reflected the sentiment, as if he personally had been bitterly wronged in the matter.

"The Martyrs' hill's forsaken
In summer's dusk sae calm;
There's no gathering noo, Lassie!
To sing the evening psalm!
But the Martyrs sweetly sleep, Lassie,
Aneath the waving fern."

Then she stood up and looked at her father, and in a tone of triumph finished the verse.

"But the Martyr's grave will rise, Lassie,
Above the warriors' cairn!"

In these last two lines Andrew joined his daughter; indeed, it seemed to be an understood thing between them, and a part of a programme often rehearsed.

The solemn enthusiasm of the singers was not a thing to be repeated or transferred to some other subject, and Andrew sat with head in his palms, gazing into the fire. He was enjoying a retrospective reverie which sufficed him; for his soul was wandering in a part of Scotland very dear to him, and to which he made frequent pilgrimages —that pastoral solitude where Pentland falls with easy slope into the Lothian plain. For there mighty deeds had been done for the faith by those iron apostles whom God sends in iron times to make smooth his ways. There the solemn chant and the startling war-cry of the Covenanting men had rung, and there God's saints had died for faith and freedom, and gained the martyr's crown.

As he sat musing thus, Jeannie drew her little wheel to his side and began to spin. There was silence in the house-place, but a silence full of meaning; peopled with the distinct thoughts of minds which had not learned the modern trick of generalization; which were not crowded with events, but could set each one in space, and survey it from every side.

Very soon a heavy shower of rain smote the window smartly, and recalled Andrew to the actualities of daily existence.

"Whar is Ann?" he asked.

"She will be in the byre, no doubt."

"The kye ought to be milked lang ere this hour."

"The grass is green now, and they are long in coming home."

He rose in a hurry, as if moved by some urgent thought, and went out. In a few minutes Jeannie heard Ann in the dairy straining the milk, and shortly afterward her father returned to his chair and resumed his meditations. But they were evidently of a very different character. A contemplation on the suffering of the martyrs imparted to his dark, solemn face the rapt enthusiasm of a Jewish seer. His own trials gave it a much more earthly expression. Anger, fear, hatred, a sense of wrong, were all there, but with nothing that elevated them above the natural feelings of the man. To ennoble passion all self must be taken out of it. And Andrew Carrick's anger that night was full of selfish considerations,

though he gave them much more lofty names.

Jeannie watched him in silence. She had in her own mind a glimmering of the subject which annoyed him. And her suspicions were justified by her father's impatience. The mere movement of the dishes in the dairy appeared to fret him, and when Ann entered the room he never glanced at her. She smiled faintly at Jeannie, and began to prepare the evening meal, making as she moved about in the mingled twilight and firelight, a picture well worth looking at. She was fair, and finely proportioned, with a round, rosy face, and good features. "A pretty, pleasant girl" would have been anyone's first impression; but to a closer scrutiny, the broad forehead, firm chin, and clever, capable-looking hands revealed a far nobler character.

She set the round table before the fire, and began to put out the cups and plates and infuse the tea. Then Jeannie laid by her wheel and watched her sister as she went quickly and quietly to and fro—watched her with interest, and perhaps also with a shade of jealousy; for there was an unusual brightness in Ann's face, a gleam of happiness that Jeannie could only read in one way—Walter Grahame had been in the byre when Ann was milking.

The meal was a silent one. After the "blessing of the bread," few words were spoken. But when it was over Ann said:

"Father, I have a paper you will be right glad to see. Walter Grahame brought it from Wigton. It is the manifest of Dr. Chalmers anent the Free Kirk, and the main step will have to be taken this very month."

"Weel! Weel! Gie me the paper. The message may be good, though the messenger be ill to bide."

Then Ann put it into his hands. It was but a small pamphlet, but it had moved Scotland from Shetland to Galloway, and it stirred Andrew Carrick's heart like a trumpet. His swarthy face glowed, his eyes kindled, his fingers twitched the potent leaflets as if he were handling a sword. It took him but a very short time to come to a decision.

"Lasses!" he cried, "I maun awa' to Edinbro'. What for will I be sitting quiet in my ain house when the Kirk is in danger? My forbear and namesake was among the saxty thousand wha' signed the covenant in the auld Greyfriars' Kirkyard. If I wasna to the forefront now I wad be shamed to meet him in anither warld. I sall stand by Dr. Chalmers and the Free Kirk to the last breath I hae!"

"Thae days are over," said Ann quietly. "King nor Kaiser could light again the martyrs' fires in the Grassmarket."

"Weel, I'll stand by them to my last shilling then, and maybe that is as gude a test as the ither ane."

He was in a fever of religious excitement, as he read aloud paragraphs of extraordinary power, and then amplified them.

"There will be a searching o' consciences now, lasses!" he said, triumphantly; "and the men who hae had their sops out o' the dish o' patronage will hae the question to answer now. And there's many that will not thank Dr. Chalmers for putting it to them; but they are men, and I dinna doubt but they will speak out as they should do. I'm trusting most o' them; but I'll be easier in my mind if I am on the vera spot, bairns"; and he looked first at one, and then at the other, with a singular indecision.

Ann stood on the hearth beside him, her knitting in her hand, and her whole attitude full of interest. Jeannie sat on a low rush chair opposite, and its gay patchwork cushions made an effective background for her small, dark head. The great national question did not trouble Jeannie much. She was

thinking of the unusual light in Ann's eyes, and connecting it with the fact that Walter Grahame had been talking to her.

"I shall ride my pony into Wigton. I can get the railway from thar to Edinbro'; and I shall be awa' the morn's daylight. You will lock the doors at sundown, Ann; and you will let neither man-body nor woman-body o'er the threshold till I win hame again."

"I canna promise all that, father: for it is a sin to make a promise that you arena like to keep. I shall want women to help me with the spring cleaning and bleaching; and there's many an occasion that might bring both men and women folk across the door-stone. You hae left us often before, and we aye did the thing that pleasured you. What are you feared for the now?"

"I am feared for that Grahame o' Port Braddon. He sall not speir after my daughters. And he sall not come under my roof-tree, for he is of an evil seed. Mind what I say!"

"He canna help his name, father. Because there was one evil one among the Grahames, are none of them to be good?"

"I'll no leemit the possibility, Ann. A bottle may be marked 'Poison' and there may be no poison in it; but a wise body will just tak' it at its name, and not be trying expeeriments wi' it. That is enou' o' Grahame. He isna for either o' you, lasses. I wad stop the joining o' hands in sic a bridal — yes, I would—though I called death himsel' in, to strike them apart. You'll not daur to think o' Walter Grahame; neither o' you!"

In Jeannie's downcast eyes there was nothing to intimate any resistance to Andrew's positive command; but Ann's face and attitude spoke dissent and protestation. Andrew supposed that, as a matter of course, his injunction, "You'll not daur to think o' Walter Grahame," settled the question; but an hour afterward the girls resumed the subject in their own room.

Jeannie was the first to speak. "Do you think father is right about Walter Grahame?" she asked her sister.

"I am sure he is right for Andrew Carrick; but I am not sure if he is right for Ann Carrick."

"And what think you of Walter?"

"I think no harm of the lad."

"What did father say to him in the byre?"

"He said, 'Master Grahame, my daughters arena for your company. And the bit o' Scotland I own isna for your feet to tread. And I'll be plain with you,' he went on, 'and bid you keep to your ain place and your ain folk.'"

"And what answer made Walter to that?"

"He spoke very civil-like. He said, 'I am sorry you dinna like me, Master Carrick, and I dinna ken what I have done to anger you.'"

"And what could father say to that?"

"He said, 'You'll be going, sir. And if God please to do so, He'll give you a good night; but you will keep in mind that you arena wanted here again—not while me and mine are in the Lone House.'"

"Poor Walter! And he so blithe and bonnie and kind-hearted. It was a black affront to Walter. Whatna for is father so set against the Grahames?"

"I am sure he has a 'because' of his own, and we are bound to take heed to it."

"Father thinks o' siller more than love. I can see that he is aye pleased when Ringan Fullerton speaks to me, or comes to my side. Ringan hasna a single merit but a bank-book. I'll not marry for money! Would you, Nannie?"

"There's no use, Jeannie, in setting up the golden image of our own opinions. If they arena like father's opinions, we shall just require to give them up."

"Eh, Nannie! You have a lot o' good sense—on your tongue. But if you wanted to marry Walter?"

"I don't want to marry Walter. And after father's words anent such marriage, I would think myself daft to give Walter another thought. As for Ringan Fullerton, he is a person of some weight in the world, and you might do worse than think o' him."

"I might do a deal better."

"That is a question neither you nor I, nor yet the General Assembly, can find an answer to. Marriage is simply unaccountable."

"But for a' that father says, I think Walter is a very nice young man."

"We had best keep clear of him. He will not now be an improving friend for either of us, Jeannie. We have got our orders, and the road of disobedience is an ill road. The de'il is aye on it, and on all roads leading to it; and we be to take care o' the de'il, Jeannie."

"I dinna take any care for him. He's weel able to take care o' himself, and his ain side."

"You know what I mean, Jeannie. What for are you playing with my words; right is right, in the de'il's teeth, and father is right, and no doubt about it! But I must be up early in the morn, and am requiring to sleep now; so good-night to you, Jeannie, and good dreams."

"Of Walter Grahame?" queried Jeannie with a mocking laugh, as Ann put out the light, and both girls, with little sighs of sleep-content, laid their fair heads down upon their pillows.

CHAPTER II.

Truth is a dangerous thing to say
When high-throned falsehoods rule the day:
But He hath lent it voice: and lo!
From heart to heart the fire shall go.
—*Blackie.*

Andrew did not think it at all necessary to speak to his daughters in the morning about Walter Grahame. Obedience was the natural result of a parent's injunction to children, and the law was, in his opinion, as firmly settled as any law could be. There might be law-breakers, but he had no more fear of Ann and Jeannie Carrick breaking the fifth commandment than he had of their breaking the sixth.

Neither did the two girls contemplate such a sin. The temptation to commit it had not yet been made to seem reasonable to the heart of either girl. And if they had been questioned on the subject, they would both have unhesitatingly declared that their father's command was just and imperative, and far beyond their breaking. Not until a garment is washed, do we know whether it will shrink in the wetting or not; and a character must be tested by temptation, ere we can safely say whether it may be trusted or not.

Very early in the morning, Andrew rose and called his daughters. He hurried them in the preparation of the breakfast, but he took unusual care and deliberation about the morning "exercise." He did the latter as a mortification and reproof to the natural man, which was impatient of any detention. Therefore he read a double portion of the Word, and sang a long Psalm, and prayed for his household and himself, for the heathen, and the Kirk in her sore distress, and for the world in general, with a particularity that it is reasonable to suppose was extremely tedious to everyone present but Andrew Carrick.

Really he had no special anxiety about his daughters. His journey as far as Edinburgh was not an extraordinary affair. He was accustomed to leave them at intervals on matters pertaining to his business—sometimes to drive a few cattle into Dumfries market for sale, sometimes to go even as far as Glasgow, to buy the leather he required for his trade as a shoemaker.

And Ann and Jeannie Carrick were not troubled by such absences, indeed, they rather anticipated them with a very natural girlish expectation. They were pleasant household intervals, which were always taken advantage of, as offering opportunities for having a dressmaker in the house; or for washing and bleaching the napery; or for the turmoil of a thorough house-cleaning; or for any other domestic event when women find men-folk decidedly in the way.

This spring Ann had been anxiously waiting for her father to "take a wee journey," that she might have her hands more at liberty for the annual house-cleaning and bleaching. And as Andrew was aware of her domestic intentions, he was enabled to add to his other sources of satisfaction the knowledge that he was doing a thing very agreeable to his daughters, and also very necessary for the welfare of the house and its plenishing.

There was, therefore, no pretence of anything but pleasure in his restrained "farewell." He held Ann's hand a minute as he told her again, "to draw all the bolts well at night," and when he was in the saddle he said kindly, "God keep you baith, lasses, till I win hame ance mair!" But it never entered his mind to give them a kiss or a tender word, though as he commended them to God's care, he did touch Jeannie's head softly, and his last look was into her bonnie bright face. Then he trotted dourly away over the moor. He never turned his head once, and his daughters never expected him to do anything so purposeless. They watched him for a short time, and then went into the house-place and sat down.

"We must go to work with a will, Jeannie," said Ann, looking thoughtfully around. "No one can tell what may send father home, or keep him away, and we be to have a' things put in order, while there's no man-body round to worry, because 'folks can't make things clean without mair dirt and disorder than they take away'—that is aye father's word about a cleaning. Suppose you go down to the cottages for a woman to help me in the house, and I'll be making a' things ready for her."

"Ay; I'll like to do that, Nannie," answered Jeannie.

"Weel, throw your plaid o'er your head, and be off, then. And be sure to hurry a wee, Jeannie, for there is mair work before me than I can set my face to, unless a' things go well with me."

The sun was shining brightly, though the tossing sea looked green and cold, but in the fresh salt air Jeannie soon forgot Ann's injunction to "hurry." It was an easy thing to forget, when the merry wind was blowing her to and fro, and the sunshine was warm and bright; and in the sheltered corners there were bits of green fern, and palish flowers to be found. It seemed to Jeannie that just to be free and out of doors in such lovely weather was a delight.

Therefore, when she returned to the Lone House, she was very happy to see that Ann had brought out from the great oak kists all the fine linen of her grandmother's and mother's spinning and weaving. For the yearly bleaching of this treasure was generally confided to Jeannie. It was the one household duty that she thoroughly enjoyed. Indeed, she considered it a kind of holiday to carry the fine webs to the hill-pasture, where there was a spring of clear crystal water, and where the grass was already long and green.

Ann helped her with the burden to and fro, but all day long Jeannie remained alone on the breezy hillside with her snowy webs of homespun linen; watering them in the sunshine, and turning them in the fresh winds, and spending the intervals of time in eating and reading,

or in chatting with any neighbour who happened to pass that way.

It was on the second day that, either purposely or by accident, Walter Grahame passed. Now, Walter had long hesitated between the two pretty Carrick girls; for he always thought the one present the prettier one. And on this afternoon as he watched Jeannie among her linens and damasks, he decided that Jeannie Carrick was the fairest, the gayest, and most lovable woman he had ever seen. Then he sat down by her side on the grass, and told her so. He had never heard of Gessner, and he did not know what an idyllic picture was; but he felt the spell which he could not describe —the season with its sunshine and breezes, and the lovely maiden with her watering-can among the snowy, blowing linen, made a picture whose charm he had neither the power nor the inclination to resist

And as Walter Grahame was young, handsome, and light-hearted, and Jeannie precisely in the mood to have her imagination and her feelings touched, love grew apace in that lonely, grassy wilderness, and the lovers came speedily to an understanding. They loved — or they thought they loved — the latter sentiment being the more dangerous of the two conditions — and then they began to invest their position with all the romantic accidents they could evolve or invent, from their parentage and family prejudices. And thus their conscious disobedience, and the secrecy it demanded, became to these foolish young people the very atmosphere of their love and lives.

Of this state of affairs Ann had not the slightest suspicion. Women with the yearly house-cleaning on their minds and hands are not apt to think of love-making, unless it is put palpably before them. And hitherto there had been no secrets between the sisters. Even their little nascent love-dreams had been ever frankly discussed together. Therefore, as Jeannie never told her sister that Walter Grahame came daily to the bleaching, Ann never suspected such a thing. Had she done so, Ann would certainly have put a stop to the bleaching, for her nature was clear as crystal, she despised all secrets and subterfuges, and was essentially a brave girl.

On the contrary, Jeannie was a coward, and Nature had armed her with all the stealthy arts she gives to weak natures. As soon as Walter joined her on the hillside, Jeannie resolved to "keep her ain counsel. It will be a bit of pleasuring to me," she thought, "just to have Walter make the long days short. And if nothing comes of it but the hour's daffing, there is nobody hurt; and so nobody need to be the wiser but our two selves."

In this decision she put her father's command clean behind her consciousness. "Father is that bigoted anent the Grahames, and so he's no judge o' them," she thought. "Folk all speak weel o' poor Walter, and whatna for should I be ill to him, just because his forbears didna think as the Carricks thought? Father will never hear tell o' me and Walter; and what the heart doesna ken it doesna grieve for. And I'll no tell Nannie, either; what for should I? Nannie liked Walter Grahame once. I'm not believing father's 'shall not' cured her liking. No, I'll not tell Nannie!"

The truth was that Jeannie was in her heart a little jealous of her sister. She had once heard Walter Grahame say, "Ann Carrick is a beauty!" and she judged Ann's heart by her own, and feared she might yet have the power to take her lover from her. She was also quite sure that Ann would peremptorily oppose any clandestine intercourse with Grahame — would, indeed, oppose any intercourse at all so contrary to her father's desires; and Jeannie could not bear

to give Walter up. He was her first real lover, and his beauty and ready tongue and loving ways had quite won her heart. It was easier to disobey her father and deceive her sister than to relinquish her love.

Besides Walter himself urged her to secrecy. To be shyly wooing the old Covenanter's daughter upon his own hillside, and against his express commands, was a very delightful bit of retaliation; and though Grahame told himself that he really loved Jeannie Carrick, and was resolved to make her his wife, yet he did feel the slight danger of discovery to be a piquant spice to his wooing, and the gathering of the fruit that was forbidden him to be irresistible, the more so because of its interdiction. Alas! neither of the two had yet learned that the forbidden fruit is ever a bitter fruit.

So the secret intercourse continued daily until the bleaching was over, and then Jeannie found plenty of errands down to the little fishing settlement on the seashore, and Walter met her there; and the very contradictions that sometimes brought disappointment only added interest to their foolish entanglement, and made them both more determined to stand by each other, no matter who might come between them.

For Jeannie had not hesitated to tell her lover that her father had threatened to call death to strike their hands asunder if it should be necessary to part them; and it is idle to pretend that Walter's stubborn determination to marry Jeannie Carrick was not intensified by the knowledge that he would be "paying the old man back for his impertinence in ordering him to keep away from his daughters and off his land."

"Weel, weel, Jeannie!" he said one afternoon, as they were making mountains for their love to o'erleap, "Weel, weel! if I canna have one o' Andrew Carrick's daughters in his own house, I must take her where-ever I can get her. My father, too, was speaking in a very ill-natured way yestreen about you and me. He said he would ne'er see my face again, or gie me another bawbee, if I wed a Carrick lass; and you ken weel I'll wed none but Jeannie Carrick."

"And what then will we do, Walter? We canna bide in Port Braddon wi' all our ain folk against us."

"That is so. But I am not daft to bide in Port Braddon. There is land enough, and gold enough, beyond Scotch seas; and I'm minded with all my heart to see what the other side of the world is like. Wonderfu' things are said o' Australia; and there's India itsel', and Canada. Would you be feared to go with me, Jeannie?"

And of course Jeannie said that any land, east or west, or north or south, was the land for her if only Walter Grahame took her there.

This secret wooing went on for three weeks, and then Andrew Carrick returned from Edinburgh. He came back with all the pride of a victor. If he had been accompanied by "The Highland Host—an army with Kirk banners"—he could not have been more exultant. His first words to his daughters were, "Lasses, we have triumphed gloriously." His very step and bearing were changed. He walked proudly to his own chair on the hearthstone, and looked with satisfaction all around—on the spotless furnishings of the room, the shining windows, the snow-white curtains, the pots full of fuchsia bells, and the neat table with its homely, plenteous meal.

"I have been entertained by my cousin, the Rev. Cosmo Carrick," he said; "well entertained in his big, braw manse, lasses. But oh! the comfort o' this sweet, clean house-place, and the bite and the sup at my ain fireside!"

"But Edinburgh is a grand city, father, is it not?" asked Jeannie.

"'Tis a wonderful, wonderful city, my little lassie, and I hae seen a' the wonderfuls in it. I hae seen the Greyfriars kirk, and the Grassmarket. I hae seen John Knox's house and pulpit, and I hae heard the great Dr. Chalmers preach. Indeed, I hae drunk o' the cup o' salvation till my heart is full and running over."

"And yet you are glad to win hame again?" queried Ann, as her eyes followed her father's eyes wandering around the pleasant room.

"East or west, hame is best, Ann. And when you hae been crowded up wi' thousands, and tens of thousands of ither people for three weeks, then you feel the glory of having nae neighbours but the wide moorland, and the wide ocean"; and so, saying a fervent word or two of gratitude, he pushed aside his cup and plate, and walked to the open door and looked over the moor and the ocean, as if he would fill his heart with their lonely strength and comfort.

Anon he began to walk restlessly about the room and to say as he did so, "I'm thankfu' I went to Edinbro'; it has been a grand time; and I must tell you baith what good bread I found to eat; bread that I cast on the waters mair than ten years syne. For when my young cousin, Cosmo Carrick, wanted to enter the Divinity Classes of St. Andrew's College, and hadna the necessary siller, I was mair than glad to let him hae the sum needed. For as the Lord hadna gi'en me a son to stand before Him, I thought it a great honour and pleasure to help one o' my ain name into the pulpit."

"I never mind of seeing him here," said Ann.

"He never was here. I never saw the face of him before. But when I told him who I was, he met me wi' a vera pleasant sense o' his obligations. He made much o' me, lasses; had he been my ain son, he couldna have treated me wi' mair liking and consideration. So you see that is the outcome o' a kindness done to good man, and for a good purpose. I'm no saying that kindness done to a wicked man would hae had the same blessing."

"Was he wi' Dr. Chalmers for a Free Kirk?"

"Whar else at all would a Carrick be? Whar else have all the Carricks been but in the forefront of any Kirk Protestation? And wherever he went, I went with him; so I may say I have been in the vera van o' the great battle."

"And whatever are they fighting about now, father?" asked Jeannie a little pettishly. She was anxious to hear of the great city, and of this new cousin, Cosmo Carrick; but she understood very well that until the Kirk business was talked out she would get little satisfaction on inferior subjects. So she asked the leading question which she expected would settle the matter.

"What are they fighting about, Jeannie? Why, they are fighting for the rights of the Kirk—for the right of every kirk to choose its ain minister and not to have one forced upon it, though the Court o' Session and the House o' Lords, the sel' o' them baith, should do the forcing."

"What for is the House o' Lords troubling itsel' wi' the Scotch Kirk? Is it about that bit parish o' Auchterarder all this pother is made? And when the House of Lords settles the government of the whole kingdom, whatna for cannot it settle the business of a little country kirk?"

Jeannie asked this question with an assumption of fair and honest inquiry, that for a moment astonished her father and sister. Neither of them knew that it was one of Walter Grahame's arguments the girl was using; and Andrew was puzzled that "wee Jeannie" should have considered the subject even in

an adverse way. So he answered her without the anger she had almost pleased herself with the thought of provoking.

"You are a foolish lass, Jeannie, and you hae only looked on one side o' the question; which is the way wi' women-folk. Naebody minds the Ceevil Power interfering wi' the temporal matters o' the Kirk; but kings, nor queens, nor parliaments a'thegither, have any power at all to compel a kirk in spiritual matters. That is the great difference. And when the Ceevil Power wants to put such ministers as it thinks right o'er the kirks, then it is going too far. Every kirk in Scotland has the right to choose its ain minister: and Scotland will see to it that nane meddle with that right."

"The Scotch folk are aye quarrelling about the Kirk"; said Ann. "I have heard you talking anent this vera subject, father, a' my life long, I think."

"I have no doubt you have, Ann. Patronage in Kirk matters is just the one thing Scotland will na endure. And what for should we gie the honour due to Christ to any Ceevil Power? We will never do it—not while Scotland stands where she did, and does! Once, lasses, there was a bit laddie shot in the breast while he was fighting under Napoleon, and said to the surgeon who was looking for the bullet, 'Cut an inch deeper, doctor, and you will find the Emperor.' Well, then, this vera controversy has cut that inch deeper into the heart of Scotland, and found there its spiritual King, Christ Jesus!"

"Weel, it is a great matter in temporal things too," said Jeannie. "If all be true I was hearing say, the Kirk will be reduced to very beggary. Her ministers, her missionaries, her professors and the like, will be homeless and without a penny-bit."

"And what if they are? And what if they are, Jeannie Carrick?" asked Andrew with some passion. "They hae their integrity. And I thank God I hae lived to see so many good, brave men give up everything, and trusting to His care, stand up for His honour. I think better o' ministers, and better o' men, than I ever did before."

"I am right glad you were present, father."

"You may weel be that, Ann Carrick. You may weel be right glad. If auld Andrew Carrick, my forbear, should meet me in another warld, and tell o' the day when he signed the great National Covenant, I hae now quite as grand a story to tell o' my ain. The braw city o' Edinbro' has seen many stirring sights, lasses, but never one mair stirring than this Holy Convocation. He was a poor meeserable man wha did not forget his ain business during it. I think some good folk forgot to eat or sleep. And the fine streets were that full o' gowned ministers, and solemn elders, that the military, wi' all their braws and tartans, and feathers and the like, were just nobodies!"

"And you saw everything, then, father?"

"Ay, did I. I bought mysel' a suit o' the best black braidcloth, and I linket on to my cousin's arm, and he said there wasna a minister there that looked mair like the sacred office. And we went thegither to Holyrood Palace, and I saw the Marquis o' Bute take his seat there for Her Majesty's sel'. And while he was talking anent the law and such like, I could hear the sound o' murmur through the Highland Host—the cry they had marched through Edinbro' wi'—'The standards o' the Kirk! The standards o' the Kirk! The standards o' the Kirk are in danger!' And I kent weel the marquis was talking to little purpose, and as my thoughts burned in me, a strange thing happened—a big painting o' King William the Third which was

hanging opposite to Lord Bute fell to the floor wi' a crash that gave everybody a stun. Then someone in the crowd cried out, 'Thar goes the Revolutionary Settlement!' and the words were like the words of a prophet, there was a great silence, and then a stir, and Lord Bute rose up and went away with a grand march o' chariots and horsemen."

"And what then, father?"

"I went with my cousin Cosmo to the Assembly Hall, and it was that crowded, you couldna hae stood anither man in it, and when Lord Bute entered everyane rose to their feet, for you ken he was sitting there for the Queen's sel'!"

"You said that you would not honour king or queen if they stood in God's way, father," said Jeannie.

"I am for giving Cæsar his ain, as lang as Cæsar keeps his hand off the Kirk and the Covenant therewith"—continued Andrew without further notice of Jeannie's interruption. "So I stood up with the rest, being in favour o' doing a' things decently and in order."

"Was Dr. Chalmers to the forefront, as you expected, father?"

"Ay, was he! When the moderator had spoke for the Kirk—God bless her!—when he had told up what wrongs she has suffered, and what danger she was in, he advised all that were for a Free Kirk to withdraw. But he lost neither his head nor his good manners, for he bowed to Lord Bute—wha I must say looked as if he didna care a pin about the Scotch Kirk—and then he left his seat, and went to the aisle leading to the door; and Dr. Chalmers rose next, then Campbell o' Menzie, and Dr. Gordon, and Dr. Macfarlane, and then I kenna wha next—man after man, row after row, till there was scarce a man left. But God kens them a'. Oh, lasses! my heart dirls yet at the thought of it! And I am free to confess that, when I saw my cousin, Cosmo Carrick, rise and go out wi' the rest, I couldna keep my een clear, nor see as weel as I wanted to. Oh, it was a great day! A glorious day for Scotland! I thank God He has let me live to see it!"

He talked a little while longer to his daughters, and then grew restless and put on his bonnet and plaid. "I must awa' down to the cottages," he said. "The men and the women there will be anxious to hear tell o' the news I bring."

He was quite right in this supposition. A rumour of his return had found its way to the fishers on the shingle, and he met Peter Lochrigg coming up the cliff to make inquiries. So the little settlement gathered in Peter's cottage; and Andrew told the wonderful story over again, and told it with a great many details and incidents he had not thought necessary when talking with Ann and Jeannie only.

Only one thing had annoyed him. While they had talked together of the building of a Free Kirk in Port Braddon, Peter Lochrigg mentioned Grahame of Port Braddon as likely to give a helping hand.

Now Andrew hated David Grahame of Port Braddon, and he could not bear the thought of his interference; for he had hitherto believed the man to be strongly in favour of the Established Church, and also naturally too depraved to take a part in a movement so national and holy as the Free Kirk departure. So he asked Peter sharply why he thought such a lover of Church Patronage as Grahame would help any Free Kirk building; and Peter answered that his son Walter was a kind-like lad, and had spoken frequently as if he were in sympathy with the Secession.

Then Andrew was very angry at the thought of Walter Grahame being among his tenants and on his land, and he said with an impetuous annoyance—"And I wad like to know what Walter Grahame was doing down here at all?"

To this question Peter replied dourly and with an air of offence that "there was no law to hinder Walter Grahame wandering about the shingle if he was minded that way."

Of course Peter was right, and Walter had a perfect right on the seashore, but Andrew felt vexed at him for claiming it. He was suspicious also, and had a premonition of wrong, though he could by no means fix its likelihoods. The little dispute dashed his sense of spiritual triumph, and he went back to the Lone House with a weight of apparently unnecessary care on his heart.

He found Ann knitting by the firelight as she waited for him. He was glad to see her, for there were some questions he wished to ask before he slept. Ann wanted to know all about the meeting, and she was astonished her father had so little to say concerning it. Indeed, she soon perceived that he was troubled; and when she asked "if aught was wrong?" he answered with the inquiry,—

"Was Walter Grahame here while I was in Edinbro'? Was he near here at all?"

"I havena seen the lad since you sent him awa' yonder night that he was in the byre with me. Your will has aye been my law, father. You ken that well."

"Yes, I ken that, Ann. Has Jeannie seen him, do you think?"

"Jeannie would have told me if Grahame had said this or that to her, or even come her road; and she hasna named him to me."

"Then what for is the lad hanging round about the Carrick cottages? Peter Lochrigg spoke of him in a very familiar-like, pleasant way indeed."

"I wouldn't wonder if he is speiring after Sarah Lochrigg. She is a very bonnie lass."

"Ay, that is like enou'. Weel, weel; Peter Lochrigg can guide his ain boat and crew. I sall neither mak' nor meddle in that quarter. Peter has got to be vera proud and upsetting lately."

"Peter was aye fond o' authority. It sets him hard not to be first in all things."

"You are right, Ann. I must speak to Peter, for pride is an awfu' sin. Good-night, my bairn."

Then Ann went to her bedroom. Jeannie was apparently fast asleep; but Ann's suspicions were aroused by her father's report of Walter's visits to the cottages, and she awakened her sister and said,—

"Jeannie, speak to me a minute. I hae something to ask you."

"Whatever is it, Ann? You shouldn't wake folk at midnight for nothing."

"It isn't 'nothing.' Father says Walter Grahame goes a great deal down to 'Carricks,' and that Peter Lochrigg is set up with the lad. What will he be going there for, Jeannie? It is out of any road he would be like to take."

Jeannie yawned wearily and answered, "How can I tell what he he goes for?"

"Will it be to see Sarah Lochrigg? Do you think that?"

"You will have to ask Sarah hersel' the like o' that question. Are you jealous o' Sarah?"

"Me! Jealous?"

"Ay, I thought you liked Walter. Dinna bother me about him anyway. I'm sleepy, and I'm not heeding."

Jeannie's manner quite satisfied Ann. It was perfectly natural in its indifference and weariness. She reflected also that Sarah Lochrigg was a very handsome girl, and that it was very likely that Walter Grahame should be attracted to her. She was a trifle annoyed at the quick transference of Walter's attentions from herself to Sarah Lochrigg, but she had no suspicions of Jeannie; and she went to sleep without a doubt of her sister.

THE HONEY OF GOD'S WORD.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

A SINGULAR incident in old Hebrew history illustrates the sweetness and light that flow from God's blessed Word. Jonathan was leading the army of Israel in pursuit of the Philistines, and King Saul had forbidden the troops to taste of food during the march. When the troops reached a forest where the bees had laid up abundant stores, several honeycombs were found lying upon the earth. Jonathan—not having heard of the royal edict—put forth the rod in his hand and dipped it in a honeycomb, and put it to his mouth, "and his *eyes were enlightened.*" Refreshment came to his hungry frame and enlightenment to his eyes, which were dim with faintness and fatigue.

What a beautiful parable this incident furnishes to set forth one of the manifold blessings of God's Word! In the superbly sublime nineteenth Psalm David pronounces that Word to be sweeter than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb. In the same passage he declares that "it is pure, *enlightening the eyes.*" Again the Psalmist says: "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light." It is not the careless reading, or the listless hearing of the Book, but its entrance into the soul which produces this inward illumination. There is a sadly increasing ignorance of the Scriptures; when read publicly in the sanctuary thousands give but little heed with the ear and none at all with the heart. They do not take the vitalizing, heaven-sent truth into their souls as Jonathan took the honey into his system.

But when the Word is partaken of hungrily, and the Holy Spirit accompanies it, there is a revelation made to the heart like that which the poor blind boy had after the operation of a skilful oculist. His mother led him out-of-doors, and, taking off the bandage, gave him his first view of sunshine and sky and flowers. "Oh, mother," he exclaimed, "why did you never tell me it was so beautiful?" The tears started as she replied: "I tried to tell you, my dear; but you could not understand me." So the spiritual eyesight must be opened in order that the spiritual beauty and wisdom and glory of the divine Word may be discerned. Many a poor sinner has never found out what a glorious gospel our Gospel is until he has swallowed the honey for himself. Dr. Horace Bushnell voiced the experiences of many of us when he said:

> "My experience is that the Bible is dull when I am dull. When I am really alive, and set in upon the text with a tidal pressure of living affinities, it opens, it multiplies discoveries and reveals the depths even faster than I can note them. The worldly spirit shuts the Bible; the Spirit of God makes it a fire, flaming out all meanings and glorious truths."

The most growing Christian never outgrows his Bible; in that exhaustless jewel-mine every stroke of the mattock reveals new nuggets of gold and fresh diamonds.

Even as a mental discipline there is no book like God's Book. Nothing else so sinews up the intellect, so clarifies the perception, so enlarges the views, so purifies the taste, so quickens the imagination, strengthens the understanding, and educates the whole man. The humblest day labourer who saturates his mind with this celestial school-book becomes a superior man to his comrades—not merely a purer man, but a clearer-headed man. It was the feeding on this honey dropping from heaven which gave to the Puritans their wonderful sagacity as well as their unconquerable loyalty to the right. The secret of the superiority

of the old-fashioned Scottish peasantry was found in that "big ha' Bible," which Burns describes as the daily companion at every ingleside. Simply as an educator the Scriptures ought to be read in every schoolhouse, and there ought to be a chair of Bible instruction in every college. As the honey strewed the forests for Jonathan and his soldiers to feed upon, so the loving Lord has sent down His Word for all hungering humanity, high or humble; as the sunlight was made for all eyes, this Book was made for all hearts.

It is more than light; for it is an *enlightener*. Not only does it reveal the grandest, sublimest and most practical truths, but it improves and enlarges the vision. It makes the blind to see, and the strong sight all the stronger. Who of us that has been sorely perplexed about questions of right and wrong, and been puzzled as to our duty, has not caught new views and true views as soon as we dipped our rod into this honeycomb? Once when I was sadly perplexed about the question of changing my field of labour—which would have changed the whole current of my life—a single text of Scripture instantly decided me; and I never repented the decision. Poor Cowper, harassed and tormented, found in the twenty-fifth verse of the third chapter of Romans the honey which brought light to his overclouded soul. John Wesley made the most signal discovery of his life when he thrust his rod into this verse, "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus has made me free from the law of sin and death." Even Paul had not learned his own sinfulness until "the commandment came" and opened his eyes. It is this heart-revealing power of the Book that makes it so invaluable in both pulpit and inquiry room.

Ah, there is many a one among my readers who can testify how the precious honey from heaven brought light and joy to his eyes when dimmed with sorrow. The exceeding rich and infallible promises were not only sweet, they were illuminating. They lighted up the valley of the shadow of death; they showed how crosses can be turned into crowns, and how losses can brighten into glorious gains. When I am in a sick room I almost always dip my rod into the honeycomb of the fourteenth chapter of John. It brings the Master there with His words of infinite comfort. One of my noblest Sunday-school teachers so fed on this divine honey that on her dying bed she said: "My path through the valley is long, but *'tis bright all the way.*"

Nothing opens the sinner's eyes to see himself and to see the Saviour of sinners like the simple Word. The Bible is the book to reveal iniquity in the secret parts. If a young man will dip his rod into this warning, "Look not on the wine when it is red," he may discover that there is a nest of adders in the glass! If the sceptic and the scoffer can be induced to taste some of that honey which Christ gave to Nicodemus, he may find hell a tremendous reality, to be shunned, and heaven a glorious reality, to be gained.

Brethren in the ministry, I am confident that our chief business is not only to eat hugely of this divine enlightening honey, but to tell people where to dip their rods. A distinguished theological professor said to me: "If I should return to the pastoral charge of a church, I should do two things: I would make more direct *personal* efforts for the conversion of souls, and I would spend no time on the rhetoric of my sermons. I should *saturate my mind with Bible truth,* and then deliver that truth in the simplest idiomatic English that I could command."

The honey from heaven lies abundant on the ground. May God help us to show it to the hungry, the needy and the perishing!—*The Independent.*

THE GREAT DOMINION.*

An intelligent acquaintance with the extent and resources of one's country is the first requisite to a rational patriotism. Dr. Parkin has laid the entire Dominion under a great obligation by these exhaustive and well-digested studies — all the more so as they first appeared in one of the most widely-read and influential English periodicals, the London *Times*. We regard it as a very happy acquisition to the intellectual life of Ontario that Dr. Parkin has become the principal of the Upper Canada College in the city of Toronto.

These chapters on Canada are not a dry-as-dust collection of statistics, but are philosophical studies of the elements of its strength and judicious forecasts of its probable destiny. This book discusses Canada not merely as an isolated community, but in relation to the great Empire of which her territory comprises nearly forty per cent. "The Dominion rests," says Dr. Parkin, "with commanding outlook upon both the Atlantic and the Pacific where these oceans respectively furnish the shortest and easiest access from the American continent to Europe and Asia." No country, he adds, except Russia, extending through Asia Minor to the Arctic circle, furnishes such a range of conditions as does Canada, stretching from the latitude of central Italy to the furthest north.

Few, of even well-informed Canadians, are aware of the recent development of our export trade. In 1872 Canada exported no meat, dead or alive, to Great Britain. In 1891, the number of live cattle had risen to over 100,000. A few years ago Canada sent scarcely any cheese to the United Kingdom. In 1893, it sent 133,000,000 lbs., valued at $13,500,000. Of the 136 cheese awards at the Chicago Fair, Canada captured 125. In 1893, Canada sent more than 600,000 barrels of apples to the United Kingdom.

Among the most valuable resources of Canada are its immense coal deposits. Already the Nova Scotia mines turn out 2,000,000 tons a year, and those of British Columbia a million more. Thus Great Britain is the only power which has adequate bases of coal supply on both sides of the Atlantic and on the Pacific. In 1892, San Francisco alone took 600,000 tons of Vancouver coal, which is the chief supply for the steamship service on the Pacific. The coal measures of the North-West cover over 15,000 square miles.

Magnificent as is the extent, and vast and varied the resources of the North-West, Dr. Parkin points out the vast preponderance in population, wealth and political influence of the eastern part of the Dominion. Ontario has nearly one-half of its entire population. The area of this Province is as great as the whole of New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia. Since 1835, its population has increased from 300,000 to nearly 2,500,000. Every one of its 25,000,000 acres of cleared land has involved the hewing down of a dense forest. Its southern counties rival in soil and climate the sunniest parts of France, and the author questions if any mainly agricultural area of equal size in the world gives evidence of more uniform prosperity.

Dr. Parkin greatly appreciates the resources of field and forest, mine and fisheries, of the Maritime Provinces, but still more the mental vigour of its people. No part of the country has, in proportion to its population, contributed so many distinguished men to the public service.

The enormous inland navigation of Canada is one of the strongest factors in its prosperity. One may sail in Canadian waters 2,060 miles, from Belle Isle to Port Arthur, or more than the distance from Belle Isle to Liverpool. First-class ironclads can be sent to Montreal, and in case of need gun-boats to the upper lakes. On her canals Canada has already spent $60,000,000. In 1893, nearly 1,000,000 tons of freight passed through the Welland canal, as much through those of the St. Lawrence, and 650,000 tons through those of the Ottawa. The new lock at Sault St. Marie, is the largest in the world and cost between three and four million dollars. It is 900 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 20 feet 3 inches deep. Canadian enterprise has attempted a gigantic undertaking in a ship-railway of seventeen miles, between the St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy, the first of the sort in the world. Already $4,000,000 has been spent, and about $1,500,000 will complete the work.

* "The Great Dominion—Studies of Canada." By George R. Parkin, M.A., LL.D. London & New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

The French question in Quebec is the crux of Canadian politics, but it is not so difficult as the Negro question in the South or the Irish question in the North. The relative influence of Quebec in the Dominion must steadily decline. It receives no addition by immigration and loses largely by emigration. Montreal, our author thinks, is destined to be one of the great cities of the world. Standing at the head of ocean-navigation, nearly one-half of the whole trade of the Dominion passes through it.

Dr. Parkin devotes an interesting chapter to our great transcontinental railway. The 7,200 miles directly owned by the C. P. R., and the 1,800 miles indirectly controlled, give it a first place among the railway systems of the world. British Columbia had less than 50,000 people when this iron highway of commerce was constructed through four ranges of gigantic mountains. "The statesmen at Ottawa," he says, "who in 1867 began to look over the Rockies to continents beyond the Pacific, were not wanting in imagination; many claimed that their imagination outran their reason; but in the rapid course of events their dreams have already been more than justified. They were supplying the missing joints and fastening the rivets of empire. While they were doing this they were giving political consolidation to the older Provinces of Canada. Common aspirations and a great common task, with the stirring of enthusiasm which followed on the sudden widening of the Canadian horizon, did more than anything else to draw those provinces out of their own narrow circles and give them the sense of a larger citizenship."

The famous Douglas pine of our Pacific coast goes to England, Cape Colony, Egypt, and Australia. Already $50,000,000 of gold have been taken from the Fraser and Cariboo mines. Dr. Parkin says: "In spite of the rapid growth of Vancouver it has never known anything of the roughness of new towns across the American border. On Sunday the place has an aspect of quiet respectability like that of an English cathedral town." Vancouver is the meeting-place of the empires extreme west and east. Three million pounds of tea have been landed on its wharves in a single week.

The vast region of Northern Canada, long considered fit only for a fur preserve, contains, a committee of the Canadian Senate reports, 274,000 square miles of good arable land; wheat will ripen over 316,000 square miles, barley over 407,000, the potato over 656,000 square miles. The area suitable for pasturage is even greater, besides 40,000 square miles of petroleum area. "About 954,000 square miles, exclusive of the uninhabitable detached Arctic portions," says Dr. G. M. Dawson, "is for all practical purposes as yet entirely unknown." The Canadian export of furs in 1888 was over 4,000,000 skins. Great quantities of these are sold in Germany, and compete at the Novgorod Fair in Russia with the furs of Siberia. On the Saskatchewan, Athabasca and Mackenzie rivers are over 2,000 miles of steam navigation where, till recently, only the bark canoe of the voyageur conveyed the peltries of the north to the markets of civilization.

Dr. Parkin is a firm believer in the unity of the Empire. "It may be questioned," he says, "whether there is in Canada to-day any political passion so strong as opposition to absorption in the United States." He is enthusiastic in the praise of Canada as a home for the working-man. Its climate, though often severe, is exhilarating. "It drives men back on home life and on work; it teaches foresight; it cures or kills the shiftless and improvident. A climate which tends to produce a hardy race, a Puritan turn of mind which gives moral strenuousness, good schools, the leisure of winter for thought and study—all these tend to produce men likely to win their way by their wits."

Dr. Parkin has nothing but praise for our school and college system. McGill College in four years received donations of $1,500,000. It has now seventy-four professors and lecturers, and one thousand students. In engineering and physics it is the most perfectly equipped institution in the world. Nor does Toronto University suffer greatly by comparison, although its State aid seems to dry up the channels of private beneficence. In ten years no less than $5,000,000 have been given to the Protestant colleges of the Dominion.

The voice of Canada is heard with more and more attention on large questions of Imperial policy. Of this the Halifax and Behring Sea arbitrations are proof. "Canada," says our author, "is a country which certainly stirs the imagination of her children — which begets in them an intense love of the soil. If the front which Nature sometimes presents to them is austere, it is also noble and impressive. In the breadth of its spaces, the headlong rush of its floods, the majesty of its mountain heights and canyon depths, and the striking contrasts of its seasons in their march through the fervid

warmth of summer, the glory of autumnal colouring, and the dazzling splendour of a snow-covered land to the sudden burst of new and radiant life in spring—in all these Canada has characteristics unique among the lands under the British flag."

Three excellent maps of the Dominion and its railway systems enhance the value of this volume. The review of Dr. Parkin's companion volume on "Imperial Federation" must be reserved for our next number.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

Recent intelligence from New Zealand says that there has been no religious movement in that country since Bishop Taylor was there, thirty years ago, equal to that produced by the labours of the Rev. T. Cook, the English Methodist evangelist. Showers of blessing have descended on all the places which he visited.

The New South Wales Legislature recently offered an endowment of $100,000 to each denomination for a college, on certain conditions, to be affiliated to the Sydney University; and also a further sum of $2,500 towards the salary of the principal. The Methodist Conference in the colony has resolved to take steps towards securing the offer. The Methodist Church in other colonies is also putting forth strenuous efforts on behalf of superior education.

Mr. Smith, son of the late Rev. Gervase Smith, D.D., has received the honour of knighthood, and will henceforth be known as Sir Clarence Smith, M.P.

The name "Wesley Guild" has been selected for the Young People's Societies.

The income of the Missionary Society exceeds that of the former year by $17,975; in addition to which $22,730 was contributed towards the reduction of $150,000 debt.

Orders have been sent to London for 5,000 bibles, 5,000 hymn-books, and 5,000 catechisms, to be sold in the Fiji Islands. The Fiji Islanders gave nearly $25,000 to foreign missions last year.

Prince Ademuyiwa, who attended the last Wesleyan Conference, on his return to Lagos, Western Africa, wrote an article in the *Lagos Echo* protesting against the importation of rum, gin, and other "poisonous liquors" into his country. He gives a terrible account of the ruin that is wrought among the natives. He says there are always cases of cutting and wounding through the effects of drink. The people are daily cut down in the bloom of youth by the curse of drink.

More than half of the Wesleyan missionaries are natives of the countries in which they are working.

Out of 107,000 inhabitants of Fiji fully 100,000 are avowed Wesleyans; the vast majority are able to read and write.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

There are 14,553 preachers and 2,524,053 members. The Roman Empire never extended to so many continents, nor voiced its edicts in so many languages. Appropriations are made for those using eleven different languages in this country. It has nine conferences and missions in Europe, besides conferences in most other parts of the world. The annual visit of one guiding mind in touch with every other bishop promotes unity and harmony.

On an average twenty churches are dedicated every week. One bishop is at the head of the Chautauqua movement; another of the Epworth League; another of the Freedmen's Aid Society, etc.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Bishop Hendrix is visiting the missions in Japan and China. He is accompanied by a large batch of missionaries, male and female. At Banff the following incident occurred. The mission party visited the National Park, and the Bishop was asked by the guide to suggest a name for the mountains so admired by the party, which still remained unnamed. He suggested "The Bride's Balcony," in honour of the missionary bride, and "Mount Ida," for Miss Ida M. Worth, the first graduate of the Scarritt Bible

and Training School. This being made known to Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Prime Minister of Canada, and Hon. T. M. Daly, Minister of the Interior, who were on an official trip to those parts, they requested an interview with the bishop; and among other things said the above names of the mountains suggested by the bishop should be officially recorded, and gave the bishop cards to this effect.

A woman in Florida, recently deceased, bequeathed to the Board of Missions a ten-acre orange grove, twelve acres of rich hummock land and town lots. Two women gave $800 toward building a church in Osaka, Japan. A local preacher sent $200 for missions, and a little child ten cents. A missionary returned $250 to the treasury, proposing to meet her own expense.

The Methodist Church.

A Montreal court has just decided that "Methodist" is an epithet which, when applied by one French-Canadian editor to another, inflicts damages to the amount of $200.

We are glad to record the fact that the churches in London, which were destroyed by fire, are being rebuilt. The corner-stone ceremonies, at both of them, were seasons of great interest.

The Rev. Dr. Potts has been spending some weeks in the Maritime Provinces on behalf of the Education Society, in whose interests he labours so indefatigably, and has been remarkably successful. All the places which he has visited report an increase of funds,—in one instance the increase was 65 per cent.; but Truro made the greatest stride, inasmuch as their givings were 300 per cent. ahead of last year.

During the last three years $15,000 have been added to the claims of the Superannuation Fund, hence ministers and widows' annuities will now be reduced six per cent.

Three Newfoundlanders, two of them from the Methodist College, passed successfully at the London University Matriculation examinations, and one of them headed the list.

Rev. F. J. Livingstone, M.D., of Toronto Conference, has gone to Africa to enter upon mission work in connection with the South Africa General Mission. The students of Albert College, Belleville, provided the necessary funds for outfit, passage and support for the first few years.

The latest accounts from China are that a commission has been appointed to hold an investigation of the sad occurences that have recently transpired there. Happily all our missionaries escaped death. Some of them who have come to Canada will add to the interest of the missionary anniversaries this season. It appears that four of the ringleaders of the massacre have been executed. All the missionary survivors will resume their work at the earliest possible moment.

Recently seven missionaries of the Presbyterian mission at Honan, left Toronto for the scene of their toils. Rev. Dr. Mackay, the hero of Formosa, with his family and Chinese student, also returned to their mission.

The Missionary Board.

The meeting this year was more than usually important. Dr. Sutherland, the General Secretary, read a most voluminous statement respecting matters in Japan from the beginning. The entire Church might be thankful that so many men of business were willing to give so much time to this important Church work without fee or reward.

The returned missionaries, Revs. Dr. Eby and F. A. Cassidy, then made their statements; Mrs. Large, of the Woman's Missionary Society, also gave her testimony. Rev. Dr. Cochrane, one of the pioneer missionaries in Japan, was present by request and gave much valuable information. When matters had been thoroughly investigated it was gratifying to find that no person concerned had been guilty of any moral delinquency. The questions in dispute largely related to administration on the part of the executive at home, and some misunderstandings among the missionaries themselves respecting their work. A full statement of the proceedings of the Board will shortly be published. The Board approved of what the executive had done in the past to restore harmony among the brethren in Japan.

In respect to the six missionaries who have asked to be recalled, the Board expressed the hope that they would reconsider their action, but should they remain in the same mind until next Conference then their wish shall be granted. Dr. Eby's furlough is protracted, and Mr. Cassidy is to be employed under the Missionary Board until the ensuing Conference. We believe that these brethren expressed themselves satisfied with the deliberations of the Board, and promised to do their utmost to promote the peace and harmony of the Society.

The Board expressed great sympathy for the missionaries and their families in West China. Dr. Stephenson, who has returned to Canada, does not blame the people for the state of things through which the mission has had to pass so much as the petty officials, whose conduct was highly reprehensible. As soon as possible the mission will be resumed.

Taking into account the receipts from bequests, etc., the total income is in advance of last year by more than $3,000, though the annual subscriptions are considerably less than last year.

Bible Christian Church.

There is every probability that the Bible Christian and Primitive Methodist Churches, and perhaps some others in Australia, will be united in the near future. If the minor Methodist bodies in England could be brought together they would form a strong Church.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. George Grundy, of the Methodist New Connexion, died soon after Conference. He entered the ministry in 1839 and was stationed in most of the important circuits. He was an intelligent preacher and a diligent pastor. During his ministry he was a diligent student and published three books. He retired from the active work in 1883.

Rev. J. Wakefield, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died in the ninety-seventh year of his age. He was a member of Pittsburgh Conference sixty-one years. Two of his sons are in the ministry and both have celebrated their golden weddings. The doctor and his wife walked the journey of life together seventy-two years and then she passed on before.

Rev. Stephen R. Beggs has joined the great majority at the age of ninety-four. He was the first itinerant who preached and organized the first Methodist church in Chicago, which consisted of eight members.

Dr. Lunn's Excursions to Palestine.

A visit to the lands of the Orient has been to many persons, especially to many Methodist preachers, the dream of a lifetime. But hitherto very many have been deterred from the enjoyment and profit of such a trip by the very considerable expense. This has now been greatly reduced.

The Rev. Dr. Lunn, who has so successfully organized the Grindelwald Reunion Conferences, has arranged a series of excursions to Egypt, Palestine, Turkey and Greece. These excursions furnish first-class accommodation at lower rates than we think have ever been given before for such a comprehensive tour.

Dr. Lunn is able to do this by chartering the *St. Sunneva* on the Mediterranean for the entire season and running a series of excursions from October to May. The *St. Sunneva* is a fine, new steamer, with accommodation for 132 cabin passengers. It has recently been chartered by Lord Rothschild for a tour of the Mediterranean.

The tourists will go from London to Marseilles and there take ship. The steamer calls at Naples and Malta, giving an opportunity to visit both of these places, also to make the excursion to Pompeii. The steamer remains six days at Alexandria to give time for an excursion to Cairo and the pyramids and then goes to Jaffa. Thence the tourists proceed to Jerusalem, Jericho, the Dead Sea, Bethlehem and Hebron. The *St. Sunneva* proceeds to Smyrna, Constantinople and Athens, giving time to visit the historic sites of these famous cities, and returns to Marseilles.

The cost for this trip as arranged by Dr. Lunn is thirty-five guineas for six weeks' excursion from London back to London—about $180. From Toronto to London and back, by either Canadian steamship line, first-class travel can be given for $140. About $60 in addition to these amounts should cover all necessary expenses. Of the several winter excursions our personal experience leads us to recommend that leaving London on February 21st. There are a few places still vacant in an excursion leaving London December 20th. This is five days shorter and costs only thirty guineas. An excursion also leaves London on March 30th; this is also thirty guineas, but we recommend the one giving longer time. Dr. Farrar, Dr. Cunningham Geikie, Dr. Lunn, Sir John Leng and many others are already booked for these excellent excursions.

We had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Lunn at the Grindelwald Conference, and were greatly impressed with the masterly manner in which he arranged for these great representative gatherings of the leaders of social reform and religious movements. Dr. Lunn has sent to our office for distribution a number of his Palestine tour pamphlets which we will be happy to send to anyone wishing a copy.—W. H. Withrow.

Book Notices.

The Christ of To-Day. By GEORGE A. GORDON, Minister of the Old South Church, Boston. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Gilt top. Price, $1.50.

We had the pleasure of reviewing in these pages some months ago Dr. Gordon's "Witness to Immortality in Literature, Philosophy and Life"—one of the best books we have ever read. We find in this volume the same elevation of thought, the same depth of insight, the same clear-cut form of expression. His book might well have been called "The Larger Christ." It shows how "the thoughts of men have widened with the process of the suns." Astronomy is no longer geocentric, as before the days of Copernicus, but heleocentric; and theology to-day is Christocentric as it never was before.

The enlarged conceptions of the universe of matter and the universe of mind of the present day demand a larger Christ than that which the new Christians, emerging from the limitations of Judaism, were able to conceive. In the Divine Man, whose teachings were not for an age but for all time, the loftiest aspirations of the soul find ample fulfilment.

"Mankind," says our author, "have been brought out into a large place, and the daily vision is of broad rivers and streams. But unless Christ shall be installed over this new world, it will simply be a larger and more splendid corpse than the old. Over the total worlds of space, and time, and present humanity, and the spirit, He must be recognized as supreme; and these kingdoms, with all their glory, if that glory is not to fade into a dream and the highest hope of mankind is not to be blasted, must become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ."

In a chapter on "Christ in the Faith of To-Day," our author discusses the gains manward and Godward in current thought of Christ, the interpretation of the final meaning of nature and certain defects in current thought on this august subject. He points out the significance of a supreme Christology in relation to the higher criticism, in reference to theological theory, in its bearing upon the social problem and as a force against materialism; and he eloquently argues that the fortune of humanity is bound up with the deity of Christ.

The final chapter is on the "Place of Christ in the Pulpit of To-Day." He shows the relation of the preacher's message to the multitudes under moral defeat. He expounds the lofty theme that Christ is the source of our Christian civilization, the Supreme Person in time, and therefore the Mediator of the Supreme Person beyond time. Whether one will agree with all the arguments and conclusions of this book or not, it will be found wonderfully fresh, stimulating and inspiring.

Digest of the Doctrinal Standards of the Methodist Church. By the REV. PRINCIPAL SHAW, D.D., LL.D., Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 75c. net.

This admirable book will be found of great service, not only for theological students, for whom it is principally prepared, but for all thoughtful readers, especially for the young people in our Epworth Leagues. It gives an exceedingly able digest of the doctrines of Methodism, and quotes from Wesley's Notes and Sermons the illustrative and corroborative passages. In an early number of this magazine we will print, by permission of the author, the chapter on "Last Things," which is a concise and judicious treatment of a most important subject. The closing chapter on the "Principal Creeds of Christendom" shows the substantial harmony, with minor differences, of these historic symbols of the Christian faith. We congratulate the learned Principal of the Wesleyan Theological College upon the important service which he has rendered to our Church.

The Age and Authorship of the Pentateuch. By REV. WILLIAM SPIERS, M.A. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

We have had more than sufficient recently of books attacking the Mosaic age and authorship of the Pentateuch. In this field the higher critics have found a happy hunting-ground for their often mutually destructive theories. Hence, the timeliness of this apposite rejoinder from a conservative and orthodox point of view. Mr. Spiers is well equipped for the task he has undertaken. It is gratifying to find that the testimony of the monuments, the cuneiform clay tablets of Babylon, the ancient monuments of Egypt,

the recently recovered vestiges of the Hittites and of other ancient peoples, the traditions of the creation and deluge, and the revelations of science, instead of destroying the authority of this oldest book in the world strikingly corroborate and confirm it. In a series of well-written chapters Mr. Spiers adduces this evidence and frankly meets many of the difficulties cited by neo-criticism, and presents a lucid and cogent argument in favour of the hitherto prevalent acceptance of the Mosaic age and authorship of the Pentateuch.

Cornish Stories. By MARK GUY PEARSE. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 70c.

Mark Guy Pearse has made the duchy of Cornwall peculiarly his own. He is to the manner born, and loves Cornwall and its people with a love that has "grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength." His immortal story of "Dan'el Quorm and his Religious Notions" has never been surpassed for picturesque description and keen spiritual insight. In this volume Mr. Pearse has collected a number of short stories illustrating Methodist life and character in the land of Tre, Pol and Pen. These are as good in their way as anything in Dickens or Barrie, and have the infinite advantage of being instinct with the highest religious teachings. A fine vein of old-fashioned humour runs through these stories that enhances their enjoyment. The quaint characters Mr. Tresidder catches to the very life in his clever illustrations. The fact that this is the eighteenth thousand of this book is demonstration of its popularity and merit.

The Christless Nations. By BISHOP J. M. THOBURN, D.D. A Series of Addresses on Christless Nations and Kindred Subjects Delivered at Syracuse University on the Graves Foundation, 1895. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

James Thoburn and William Taylor have the honoured distinction of being the two missionary bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Each of them has been wonderfully successful in mission work, and each is an enthusiastic apostle of the evangel of missions. In this volume Dr. Thoburn gives the result of his wide experience and observation, and treats among other subjects "Missionary Possibilities," "Missionary Polity," "Women in the Mission Field," "New Testament Missions," and kindred topics. The book is specially adapted for mission bands and circles and is calculated to inspire enthusiasm in this noble cause.

Whittier Year Book. Boston & New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

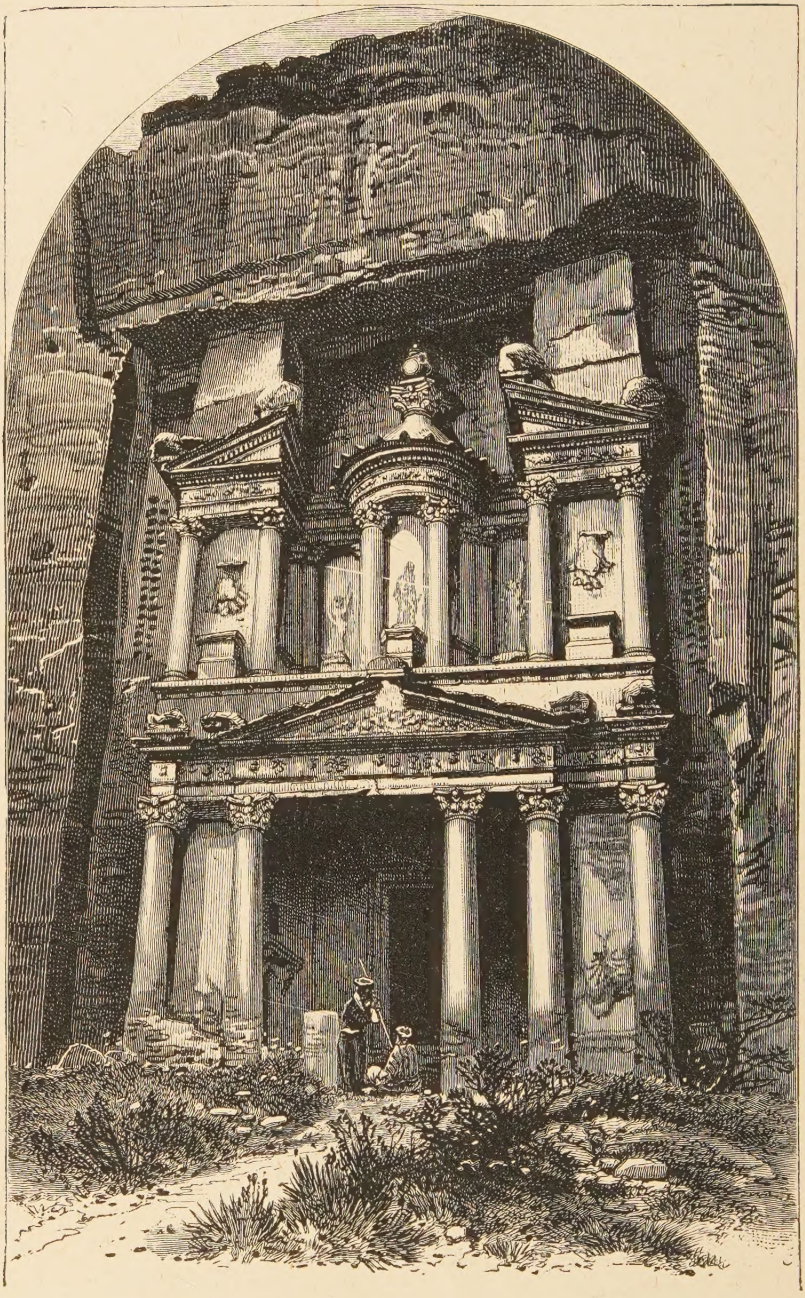
Call no man happy till he is dead, says the Greek adage. In a modified form this may be applied to the poets, those sages and seers of mankind. Only after they have passed away is the full scope of their influence realized, do they take their places in the great Valhalla of the gods. Then do those dead and buried sovereigns "still rule our spirits from their sceptred urns." Whittier, beloved by thousands during his life, is now throned among the immortals. His literary canonization may be marked by the preparation of this beautiful Year Book from his writings. For every day of the calender a notable poem is printed. To this treatment Whittier is the more adapted from his reflex of nature in her various seasons and many moods. The selection has been made with taste and will be welcomed by every lover of the good Quaker bard.

The Lord's Supper, Aids to its Intelligent and Devout Observance. By W. T. DAVIDSON, M.A., D.D. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

In this little book Dr. Davidson combines a sketch of the history and meaning of the Lord's Supper, with devotional guidance towards its reverent observance. He describes its institution, our Lord's teaching concerning spiritual food, traces the institution in the early Church, points out the end and purpose of the service, and inculcates the truth of its privileges and obligation. It is a very neat, red-edged, red-lined volume.

LIGHTEN mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I;
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry:
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night!"

Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
For Thou alone dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
O loving Jesus, hear my call,
And guard and save us from them all.



PHARAOH'S TREASURE, PETRA.